Vol. CXXXIII. No. 1733.

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THE BYSTANDER, MARCH 3, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

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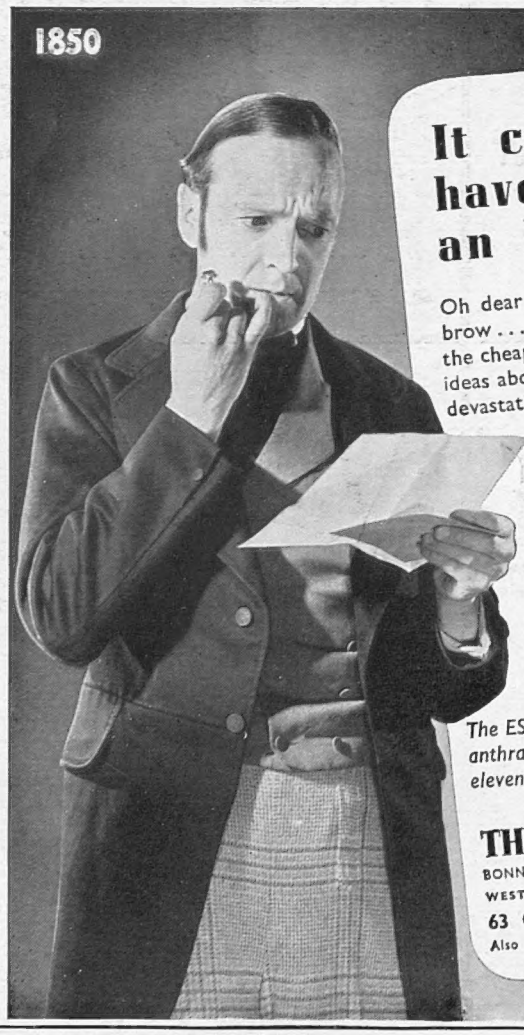

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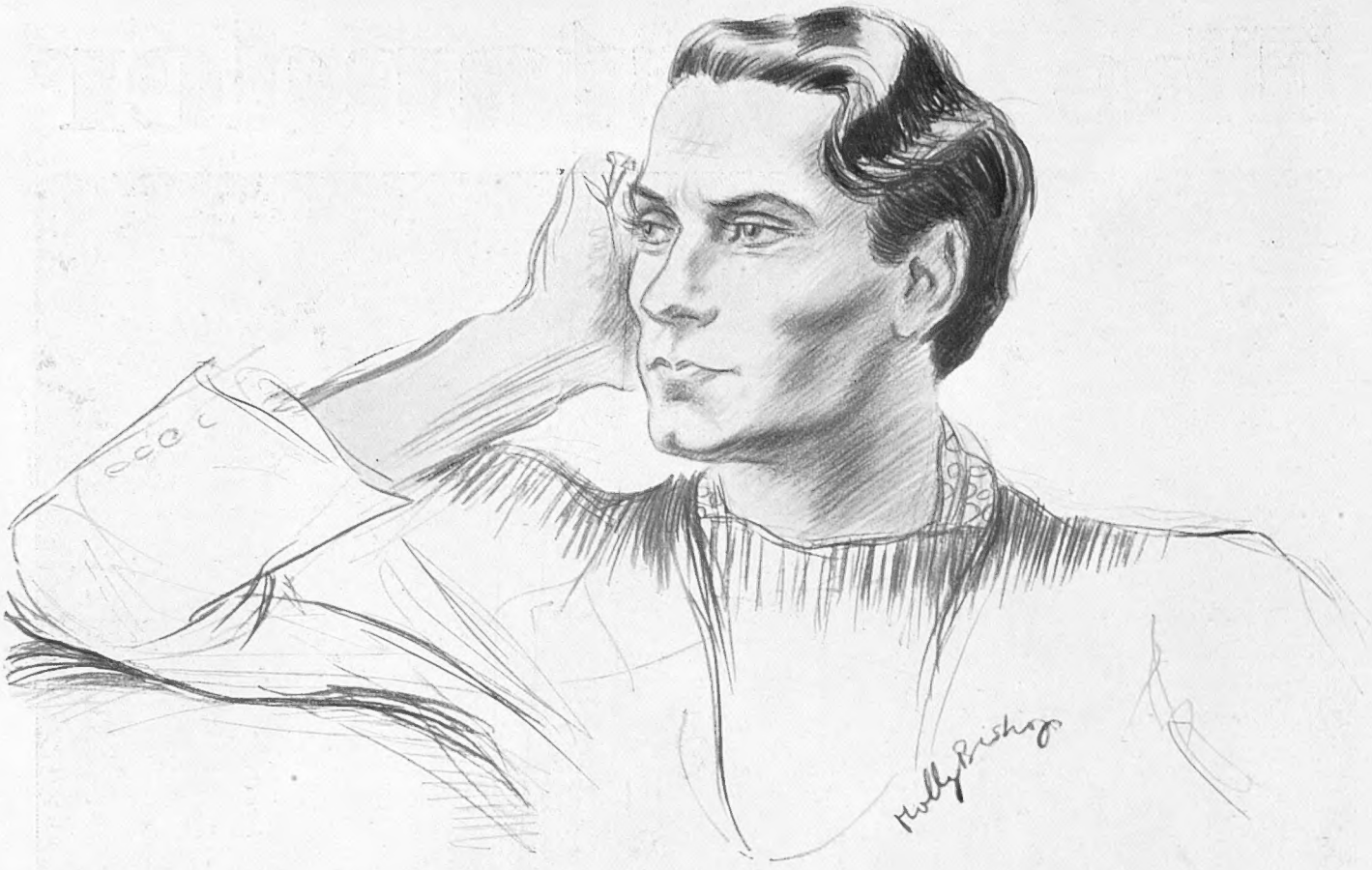
ESSE

The Bystander

Fayer of Vienna

The Countess of Durham is Chairman of the White Rose Ball

The White Rose Ball is run by the Ladies' Association, an organisation founded by Princess Beatrice whose members are pledged to raise a thousand pounds every year for the Queen's Hospital for Children in Hackney Road. Lady May Abel Smith is now president of the Association, with Lady Hamilton as chairman, and Lady Durham is chairman of the ball committee. This year the dance is an invitation one, and is being held in Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall's house in Porchester Terrace, to save hiring a hotel ballroom: Lady Weigall is herself largely responsible for the present vigour of the Ladies' Association. Lady Durham is Sir George and Lady Bullough's only daughter — was Hermione Bullough before she married the fifth Earl as his second wife: they have a five-year-old son, John George



More Celebrities in Cameo

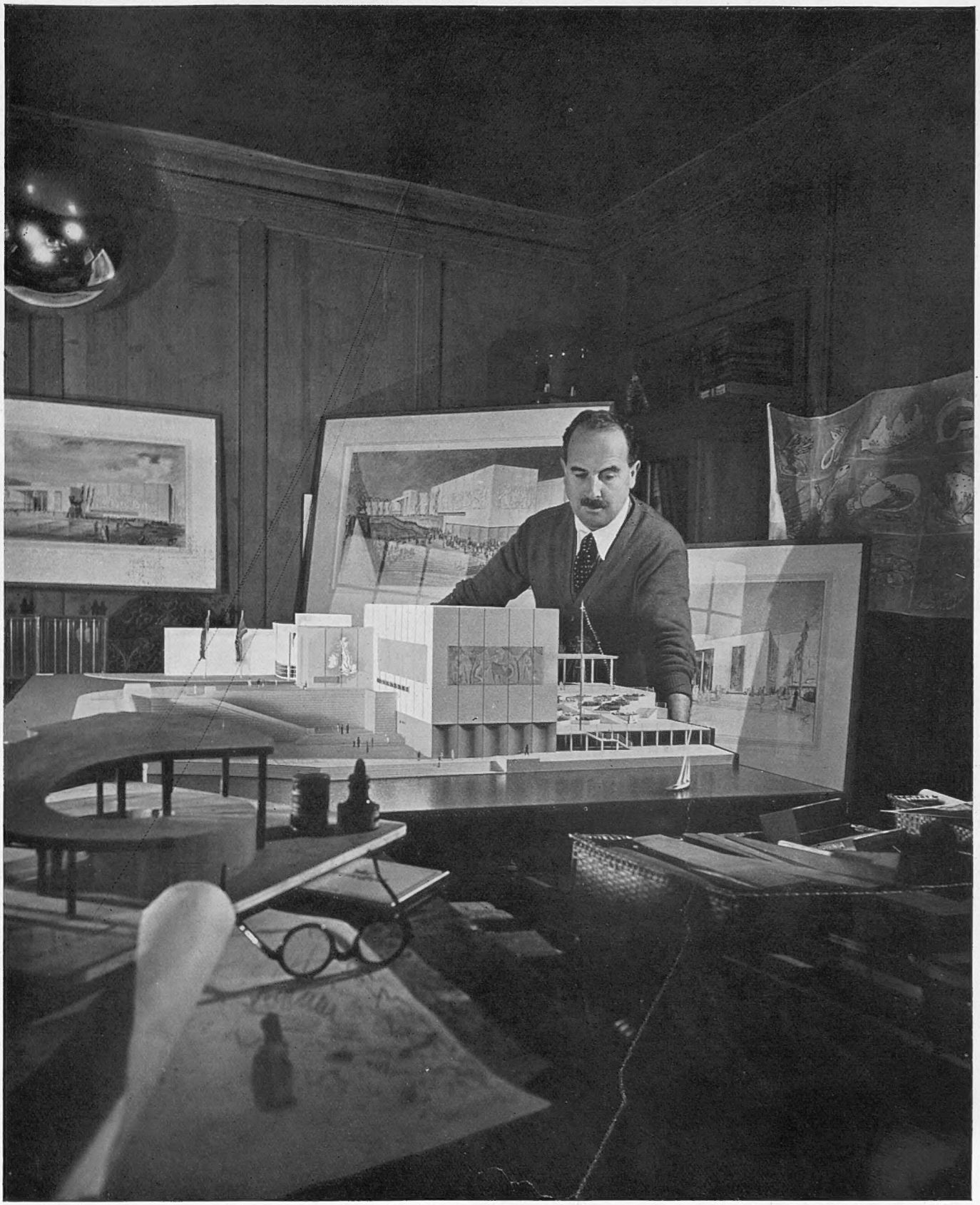
No. 9. Laurence Olivier

It would appear that the part of Katharine in *The Taming of the Shrew* is the luckiest possible rôle in which to make a début. Anyway, it was Marlene Dietrich's first part. It was also Laurence Olivier's, when he was still a schoolboy. For though his father is a clergyman, he never raised any objection to his son's wish to go on the stage. On the contrary, he sent him to Elsie Fogerty as soon as he left St. Edward's School, Oxford. But this baptism of Shakespeare was only a baptism. His next appearance was on the music-halls with Ruby Miller, which he followed up with a £4-a-week engagement in *Through the Crack* at Letchworth Garden City. A year later he was only getting fifty shillings a week with the Lena Ashwell Players, appearing in town halls and swimming baths at such places as Ilford, Deptford and Watford. His personal turn of the tide occurred when he joined the Birmingham Repertory Company, and after two seasons was brought to London by Sir Barrie Jackson. It was St. John Ervine who first "noticed" him. This was in *The Adding Machine*, and he temporarily became what he now calls the "Vivien Leigh of the Stage." In *Bird in Hand* he met Jill Esmond, but she wouldn't marry him for two years; and then his ship came home with *Journey's End* where he played Stanhope. A series of flops and visits to America followed intermittently. (How he hates Hollywood!) *Private Lives* and *Theatre Royal* were the prelude to his going into part-management, losing heavily, filming again, going into management once more, losing again, switching parts with John Gielgud in *Romeo and Juliet*, playing with Bergner in *As You Like It*, playing the full-length Hamlet at the Old Vic, and now appearing simultaneously in *Fire Over England* in Leicester Square and in *Twelfth Night* in the Waterloo Road.

Laurence Olivier is in his twenty-ninth year and, though a professional actor, is completely unspoilt. He laughs at himself and the world with a refreshing lack of pose. He swims like a fish, plays tennis furiously and has only just got his motoring licence back. He has a white bull terrier (Mary), a lemur (Tony), a ginger kitten (Ham), and a son (Simon Tarquin), called after the fellow in *The Rape of Lucrece*. He likes flying and poker; becomes silent if angry; and would sooner play Macbeth than any other part in the world. He lives in Whistler's house in Cheyne Walk; believes that the impossibility of getting unity in a film studio will always prevent the talkies from achieving the heights of the stage; seldom enjoys a holiday in either sense of the word; is pleasantly untidy; definitely unpunctual; oblivious to the world when studying a part; forgetful about food, but fond of vintage wines, though he never has a drink until the fall of the last curtain; and has a pronounced weakness for rather gaudy ties, modern art and a sleep after luncheon. Neither on the stage nor in private life has he any mannerisms, which is almost a mannerism in itself.

Yes, you really ought to go to the Old Vic and see him as Toby Belch. That alone will prove to you that he has no intention whatever of becoming the matinée idol into which the public is trying to transform him. And to show you how conscientious he is, he has given up smoking because he says it is bad for his wind when delivering a long Shakespearean speech.

Charles Graves



Norman Parkinson

Oliver Hill and His Paris Exhibition Pavilion

The United Kingdom Pavilion in the Paris Exhibition is Oliver Hill's second big job of the kind; he was also responsible as architect for the Exhibition of British Industrial Art in 1933. He entered his profession from the practical side after he left Uppingham, as apprentice to a firm of builders, and worked in the shops before becoming articled pupil to an architect. He is best known for his designs for private houses; is a member of the Council for Art and Industry. He was photographed working on his model of the Pavilion in his office in Hanover Square; the model was shown to the King and Queen and Queen Mary two weeks ago

The Pavilion occupies the whole west side of the Place d'Honneur in the Exhibition grounds, at the junction of the Pont d'Iéna and the Quai d'Orsay. The design is simple and direct, the steel frame being apparent in the vertically recessed piers on the façade. The exterior has a white textured surface, with parts picked out in red, and the lowest storey in blue. On the right are the English garden terraces, and an exhibition of sailing and motor boats, on the left the "Buttery," with a huge gastronomic map of England on its outer wall. The decorative panels on the north and east elevations (front and left in photograph) are by John Skeaping

"Les Sylphides" at the Theatre Royal, Adelaide

The soloists in this performance of "Sylphides" by the de Basil Number Two Company in Australia were Leon Woizikovsky, the premier danseur and maître de ballet, Mira Dimina and Hélène Kirsova

Below: a New Year party in Melbourne—at the back, Froman, Branitska and Horenstein, the conductor; second row, Blinova, Philippoff, the artistic director, Arnold Haskell, and Raievska; below them, Kirsova and Woizikovsky; in front, Yusskevitch and Hoyer

Round the World With the Russian Ballet

III. Melbourne — Brisbane — Sydney

By Arnold L. Haskell

THERE have been some Test Matches here, I believe. I must be the only tourist not to have seen one; but cricket we have always with us, and I find the Australian bush a more powerful counter-attraction. I call myself a balletomane, but the charm of the bush dragged me away from the ballet, which I left behind in Melbourne.

The ballet in Melbourne was an outstanding success, and, like everywhere that happens, it gathered round it a circle of balletomanes to share in its life and gossip.

The most interesting to me is Daryl Lindsay, younger brother of Norman and Lionel. The Lindsays are as much a feature of Australian life as the kangaroo, and nearly as numerous. All are artists, writers, or both combined. I once lost count after a dozen. Daryl started out by being an exception. The wide open spaces claimed him and he had the unique distinction of being a non-painting Lindsay. Then, during the war, it was discovered that he had the rare gift of being able to record pictorially the miraculous plastic operations of Gillies and others. His fate was sealed. He came under the influence of Professor Tonks and returned to his native land a painter, and a fine one. He is, perhaps, the most sensitive of all the Lindsays, a lover of thoroughbred horses and of thoroughbred dancers. Daily he has been recording movement in the wings and the results have been shown in the foyer of the theatre.

AUSTRALIA has many fine artists; she is proud of them, but is either modest or inarticulate, and consequently we hear little about them. That is typical. Australia has magnificent scenery, but about the worst picture postcards I ever came across, and the most expensive. Ask for a card of the finest view, and they will show you one of the railway station, one of the local hostelry, and three assorted kangaroos and koala bears. A bright light, but, oh, what an opaque bushel!

One of the outstanding personalities of the continent is its biggest newspaper proprietor, Sir Keith Murdoch, appropriately called at times "Lord Southcliffe." He has undoubtedly helped the ballet, has made its Melbourne success beyond a doubt. To Murdoch the arts are important, and they are news. He is an enlightened collector who surrounds himself with brilliant young people. His art critic, Basil Burdett, has a knowledge of painting that would be rare anywhere. He, too, has fallen completely under the ballet's spell, and is almost a fixture in the theatre.

In the Wings—by Daryl Lindsay

IT is well to have come over with one's own special entertainment, for theatrically there is nothing doing save with amateur repertory shows, often surprisingly good.

In the years to come, an Australian Sadler's Wells would not surprise me. Our own national company has strong Australian connections; Robert Helpmann is from Adelaide; Constant Lambert is the son of Australia's greatest adopted painter George Lambert; and the talented Laurel Gill is the daughter of a former Australian Golf Champion from Brisbane. Yes, I miss the Wells. At times, twelve thousand miles seems all of twelve thousand miles.

SYDNEY has one of the best natural positions I know; it is a Riviera in type and climate. On my first night here I hailed a taxi, and told the driver to take me to a restaurant on the water-front where I could eat, drink, and listen to the surf. "Bless yer innercent 'eart," was his reply, "that don't exist 'ere. Besides, you can't have drinks after six . . . unless you knows the ropes."

I soon did "know the ropes," but there was no fun in consuming drink in a hot and overcrowded bar when such heavenly beaches are within a stone's-throw. Brisbane alone, hotter than the other cities, is more tolerant. There bars remain open until eight, by law, until eleven by fact, but still no beach resorts. Added to this, a Mr. Spooner has banned men appearing on the surfing beaches in shorts, a ban that seems to have made little difference, but to have been a godsend to the Press in the silly season.

The best Australian word I have heard so far is "wowser." It signifies Mrs. Grundy and the like. Everyone is agreed that there are far too many "wowsers" in control, everyone grumbles, but no one acts, and life in the most perfect of climates is spoilt by these constant petty irritations. Still, in every city so far, the ballet has found a supper headquarters and inaugurated a night life reminiscent of London, Paris and New York.

SYDNEY audiences are, if possible, even more enthusiastic than those of Melbourne, their theatre is smaller, but it is packed every night. The triumph of the ballet in Australia has been the triumph of youth, just as was the case in London in 1933. De Basil's new crop of "babies" is remarkable, and they are names to be remembered: Nina Youchkevitch is a noble, coldly classical Aurora; Irina Vassilieva a charming maiden in *Beau Danube*; Sonia Woizikovska Frivolity itself in *Les Présages*; while Tchinarova's Action in the same ballet is as distinguished as the original; and there are others.

(*Concluded on page* viii)

Yevonde

Lady Rachel Douglas-Home is Engaged

The engagement of Lord William Scott and Lady Rachel Home, which was announced a week ago is socially a very important one for the Border country, uniting two of the oldest and best-propertied families in that part of the world. Lady Rachel Home is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Home, and is twenty-seven this year. Her father is Lord Lieutenant of Berwickshire, an Ensign of the Royal Company of Archers, and owns Castle Douglas, Lanarkshire, and the Hirstel, Coldstream; her mother is a sister of the Earl of Durham. Lord William Scott is the elder of the Duke of Buccleuch's two brothers, is forty-one this year, was in the 10th Hussars, his brother-in-law the Duke of Gloucester's regiment, is a Member of the Royal Company of Archers, succeeded his brother as Member for Roxburgh and Selkirk in 1935

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

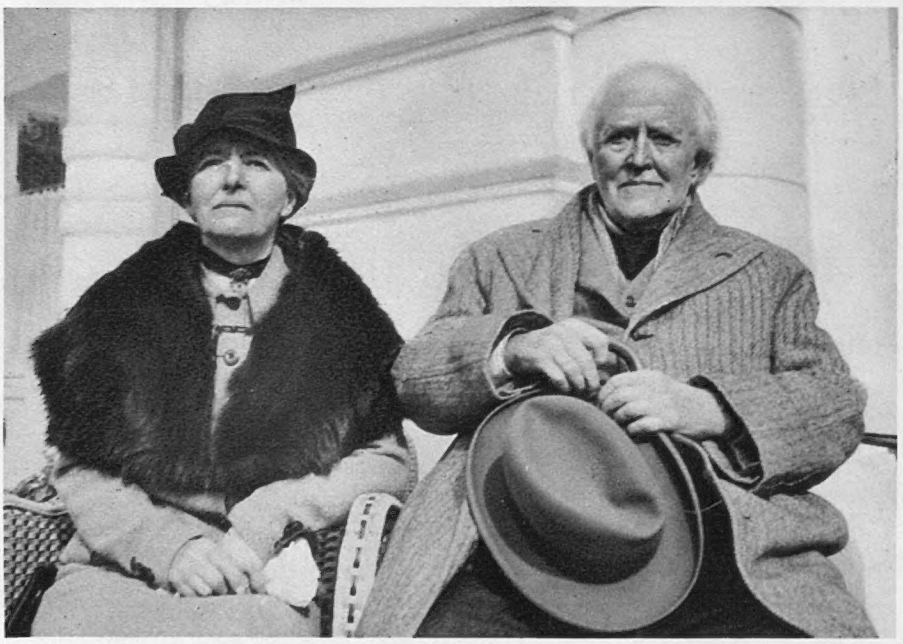
PREPARATIONS in the event of another war are being pushed on everywhere, and no one seems to pay any attention. At one moment, a colossal loan is being raised which will materially increase taxation; at another it is the publication of anti-gas instructions; the latest is the raising of a huge corps of amateur fire-fighters to deal with the conflagrations that may be caused by incendiary bombs. Twenty thousand men will be needed for the London area alone, and vast reserves of hosepipe and equipment will have to be built up. It is all very terrifying, but no one seems to bother about it.

ANOTHER grim comment on the possibilities of another war came from Lord Russell (better known in earlier days as Bertrand Russell, mathematician, philosopher, educationalist) in the House of Lords. It has been proved by experiment, he said, that babies of two years and younger simply cannot be taught to wear a gas-mask. So their destruction will be even more certain than anything accomplished by Herod. Even if you put them into a so-called gas-proof box, the gas seeps through the edges of the lid and whereas it only takes six minutes to die of gas if you are outside the box without a mask on, it takes two hours if you are inside. After that, it was welcome to read the statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer that there is no justification for thinking that another war is imminent.

NOW that the ban on volunteers for Spain has been actually agreed upon, the next logical step is surely to arrange for the recall of the volunteers who are in the country now. Once the Spaniards are left to fight the civil war out by themselves, the chances of settlement by negotiation would be a good deal brighter. As for the feelings of the volunteers themselves, from all accounts plenty of them are only too anxious to be out of the whole adventure, especially those who may be most discreetly described as "volunteers," as opposed to volunteers.

AUSTRIA is once again the central focus of European politics outside Spain. The Austrian Nazis have again been demonstrating in the streets, shouting "Heil Hitler," and making a general nuisance of themselves. And no good was done to the cause of tranquillity by the rumour that Germany was asking for a guarantee against a Hapsburg restoration. Happily, this rumour has now been officially denied. The Austrian Chancellor could never have accepted such an interference in the internal affairs of his country.

BUT no sooner had the rumour been contradicted than the Archduke Otto arrived suddenly on the Austrian frontier from Belgium, thereby throwing everyone into doubt and confusion. For several centuries the Hapsburgs have had a positive genius for doing the wrong thing. The only thing which they used to do with continuous success was getting themselves married to ladies with large dowries of land.



Lord and Lady Parmoor

This distinguished and active Member of the Lords was photographed with his wife in the Riviera sun at Beaulieu. His four sons are carrying on the traditions he has set as scholar, lawyer, and statesman; his heir, Alfred Cripps, is Bursar of Queen's College, Oxford; Freddie Cripps, after distinguished war service, has become one of London's best-known figures; Leonard Cripps is a shipowner; and the youngest is Comrade Sir Stafford Cripps, M.P.

"Olivier, Thou Art Translated!"

Compare this photograph with Molly Bishop's elegant drawing of a handsome young man on page 326 and you will see how Laurence Olivier has transformed himself for the part of Sir Toby Belch at the Old Vic. His performance as the raddled knight is one of several high spots in the excellent production of "Twelfth Night" now showing there

POLISH politics seem to be in rather a muddle. A new "ideological-political movement," whatever that may mean, has been started by the inevitable Colonel (everything in Poland appears to be done by colonels), and nobody has the faintest idea what it is all about. However, it is reported that Marshal Smigly-Rydz is in favour of it, and he is the strong man of the country. Incidentally, the gallant Marshal must have had the best of reasons for changing his name from Rydz-Smigley, but he has not really helped any of us.

A CURIOUS situation has arisen over the invitation to the Abyssinian Minister to attend the Coronation. So far as etiquette is concerned the invitation is strictly correct. We have never ceased to recognise Haile Selassie as the rightful Emperor of Abyssinia, and therefore his representative must have a place. But if it means that the King of Italy will not be represented, the position, although correct, will certainly be out of touch with reality.

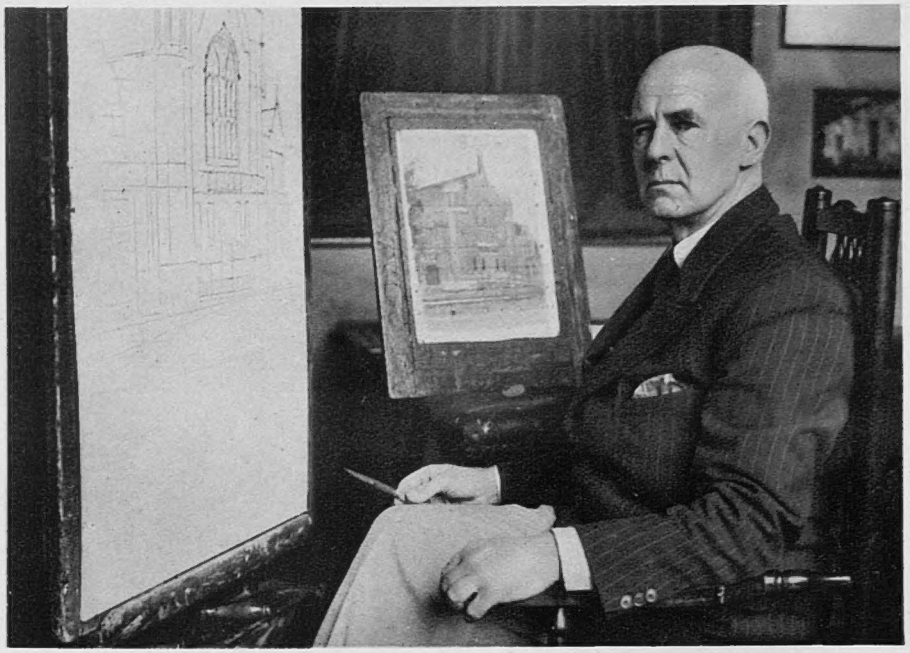
THE debate in the House of Commons on the Gresford Colliery disaster left an uneasy feeling that something was very far wrong about the conditions in the pit. Sir Stafford Cripps was easily the most effective speaker, as he had been counsel for the miners during the inquiry and so had every detail at his finger-tips. There was something rather ironical about his position. He wound up the

debate for the official Labour Opposition and, on the very day after, the Labour Party met to decide whether or not to expel Sir Stafford from their ranks. The result was that they hardly applauded his speech at all, and as the Government benches did not like his attacks, he spoke in almost complete silence. The Minister of Mines hinted that prosecutions may follow, and two Scotland Yard men have already left for Gresford.

BUT, however sourly the Labour Members may have regarded Sir Stafford, their nerve failed when it actually came to the motion for his expulsion from the Party. It was decided "to take no action," and the official newspaper solemnly announced that the reason was fear of making him a political martyr. Actually, of course, the members of the Labour executive know perfectly well that Sir Stafford is easily their most powerful debater, and that it would be lunacy to part company with him.

CONTINUING my "destruction of beautiful London" notes, I have to chronicle the imminent tearing-down of the two lovely houses in the corner of Soho Square. In one of them there is a magnificent ceiling. It will go the same way as all the rest. While London is frantically busy destroying its architectural beauties, presumably to celebrate the Coronation by a gesture of defiance towards the tourist trade, Leicester has taken a very important step in the opposite direction. Not so long ago the City Council bought for a large sum of money a site in the middle of the town on which to build municipal baths. In the course of demolition of the buildings on the site, the remains of the Roman Forum were discovered. The Council has now decided to preserve the Forum as a monument and to put up the baths elsewhere. This is a fine thing to do, and the City Fathers of Leicester deserve the warmest congratulations of that mysterious body "the right-thinking men and women of the country."

Below: R. C. Sherriff, who was up at New College before the war, coached one of his college eights for the Torpids, but despite his efforts, the first boat failed to bump Magdalen from the headship, although it gained a place on Balliol



The New President of the Royal Institute of Painters

Mr. Norman Wilkinson has been elected president of the Royal Institute of Painters and Water-Colour Artists. Born in Cambridge in 1878, he has combined a love of art with a love of the sea and shipping, which he turned to practical account by the invention of anti-submarine paint for merchant vessels in the war. His colour sketches from the Dardanelles and Gallipoli are well known

IT is hoped that Cambridge will be as successful in saving the Gog Magog Hills. Already one important plot of ground on this lovely place is in grave danger from the vandals, and building may start soon if the appeal fund is not successful and quickly successful. Ten thousand pounds is wanted at once, and the Mayor of Cambridge has said that a second plot will be threatened by the bungalow in the fairly near future for which an additional fifteen thousand pounds will be required. It is a pity that a small sum of money could not be allotted out of the gigantic Defence Loan in order to keep England worth defending.

RUMOURS are again playing strongly round the Gaumont-British film company, and it is being freely said that Mr. Isidore Ostrer is in favour of closing down the production of pictures at Shepherd's Bush. If this takes place, presumably the existing contracts will go out to Pinewood, or Elstree, or Iver, or somewhere else. But it will be a heavy blow for the British film industry if the oldest and biggest company in Britain ceases production.

FOR yet another three weeks we have to endure the publicity which attends the annual Procession of Boats (or am I thinking of the Fourth of June at Eton?) which is staged by two of the older universities on the Thames. Although the element of competition, so dear to the tough island race, has long ago been as completely eliminated from the Procession as it has from the Eton and Harrow cricket match, nevertheless the newspapers print endless columns of what they call "news" about it. And there are pages and pages of these tiresome photographs of flappers asking for the autographs of the crews and standing admiringly round the diminutive coxswains. And there are still three weeks to come.

A TEAM of Rugby footballers is to make a tour in the United States this spring. It appears that Rugger is catching on very strongly in America, but I fancy it will be a long time before it becomes a menace to the homegrown game of football. American football is a quite incredible game, boring to watch and dangerous to play, but the citizenry goes quite mad over it. The rivalry between certain universities is violent, and the star-players are worshipped for miles round. It is an even duller game than modern Rugger.

IN a narrow street in Westminster I fell into talk last week with an ancient pavement artist who told me that he was seventy-five. I asked him if it was a profitable pitch, and he replied that he could not complain of anything except the fact that it was opposite a book-shop. "I 've got no use for books," he said. "I read one once, a two-penny book. It was something terrible. I never tried again. That must have been five and forty years ago but I 've never forgotten it."

The Crowded Riviera Season

Mrs. Arbuthnot-Leslie has been staying at Monte Carlo with her son by her first marriage, Sebastian de Mier. She is Spanish, was Luz de Landa, married as her second husband, Capt. "Willy" Arbuthnot-Leslie, of Warthill, Aberdeenshire

Mr. "Buster" Lichfield and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Frederick Lichfield, were at Monte Carlo. She is Canadian, was Pat Patterson, of Montreal

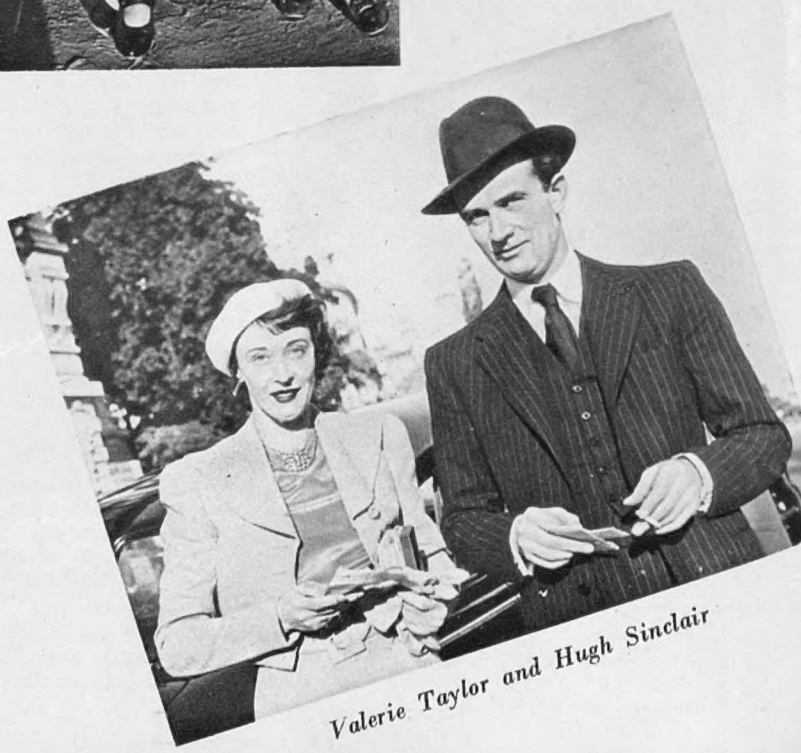
Below: Lady Delamere and her husband have been staying at Beaulieu in the Duke of Westminster's party, and have made the usual evening expeditions to Monte Carlo from there

Lady Delamere

Left: Princess Antoinette of Monaco was watching tennis at Monte Carlo with her old English nurse who has brought her up since she was three days old. She is now sixteen. Her brother is at school at Stowe

Below: Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Sinclair (Valerie Taylor) went to the Riviera for a short holiday after "The Orchard Walls" ended its four-nights' run at the St. James's

A Beaulieu snapshot of Mr. "Bertie" Stern, Miss Mary Lindley and her sister, Lady Hardwicke. Lady Hardwicke married three years ago; her husband, then Philip Yorke, succeeded his uncle last year



Valerie Taylor and Hugh Sinclair

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Kerr-Smiley were at the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo. He is Major Peter Kerr-Smiley's only son; his mother is Mr. Ernest Simpson's sister. He and his wife who was Agnès Sorell-Cameron, were married in 1933

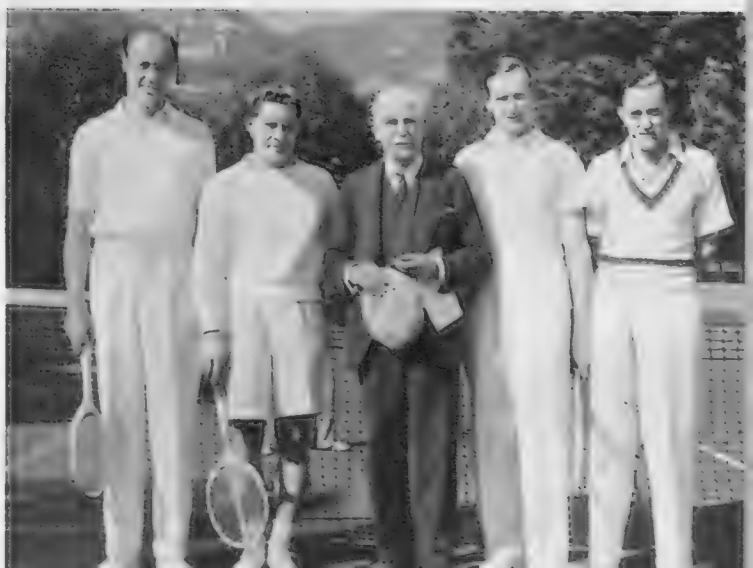
Below: Miss Ena Short and Mr. Eric Allden were dining at the Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo. Miss Short, who is Lady Latta's niece, had come on from Klosters, and planned to go back there for a second snow holiday

Sir Julien and Lady Cahn were also dining at the Hotel de Paris. As always, there's news of Sir Julien Cahn taking a cricket team abroad on tour — this time to Ceylon and Singapore

The Beaulieu tennis four on the right are the Hon. Langton Iliffe, Señorita Anita Lizana, the Chilean champion, Lord Iliffe, and Miss Nancy Dickin, ex-junior champion of Great Britain. The Iliffe party were going on to Italy in Lord Iliffe's yacht, Brilliant

Tennis at Beaulieu

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Roberts are a pair of young marrieds who've been at Monte Carlo. They were married last autumn; she was Pat Charles before that



Right: the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth and Sven Nyestrom, the Swedish Davis Cup player, gave Charles Hare and Pat Hughes a hard fight in a doubles match at Beaulieu. With them is "Gerry" Weigall, who had been their umpire; he is the veteran cricketer and squash player who is known all over the world for his great interest in all ball games

Engaged Couple at a Ball

Miss Bunty Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, a member of the big Maitland clan, was at the Highland Ball at the Dorchester with her fiancé, Mr. Vernon Chambers. She is Lt.-Comdr. and Mrs. James Maitland-Makgill-Crichton's only daughter

Wedding at a Register Office

Right: Lord Ampthill, who succeeded to the title in 1935, married Miss Sibell Faithfull Lumley, as his second wife, at the Kensington Register Office last week. He was accompanied by two of his three brothers, the Hon. Guy and the Hon. Leo Russell, and by his only sister, the Hon. Phyllis Russell

Sir Thomas and

Thomas Russell Albert Mason Cook hood from the King at the second of has been M.P. for North Norfolk the "Norfolk Chronicle," has had a Council since 1928 and is a very

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

FEBRUARY, the worst month in twelve, seems worse than ever this year. Thanks be, by the time you read this, it will be over.

Every day is so wet, evenings are wetter, evening shoes are ruined nightly—we do wish goloshes were not out of date.

Dress shows by day—terribly tiring even to watch. What must it be like for the quick-changing mannequins, the alert and helpful vendeuses?

Places like the Florida, Brummels, and the Four Hundred lure us to stay out much too late, and to dread the first shrill ring of the telephone next morning.

Shut for Easter

THE Four Hundred, by the way, is to be shut from Good Friday until the Tuesday after Easter. Those pleated silk walls are to be re-covered, but in the same beige and red colouring. Patrons would resent any acute change.

By far the most beautiful woman who has been seen there recently was the Duchess of Kent, who was dancing with her husband. She wore a dark red dress, long diamond earrings, and sparkling twin stars in her hair. Her new centre-parted coiffure suits her to perfection.

House-Warming Party

IN New York, the idea of a small house within a block of flats, has existed for some time. You have your own private front door and another leading into the main building. We stayed in one on Fifth Avenue when we were there a year ago.

When Lord Donegall gave his first house-warming cocktail-party last Tuesday, his guests were intrigued to find that what appeared to be a flat in Westminster Gardens had an upstairs floor, and was in reality a charming little house.

Men Predominated

THE party was one of the long-lasting kind that go on and on, late stayers being entertained to television and supper.

Lady Moira Combe, looking lovely in a mink coat, and a little black cap with a red question-mark feather in it, was one of the early arrivals. Her picture is being painted by Mr. John Hay. Lady Phyllis Allen, wrapped in ermine, was going on somewhere; Mr. "Metro-Goldwyn" Balcon and his pretty wife arrived with the Harold Huths.

Miss Joyce Wingfield and Miss Nancy Malcolmson told us that they are taking a flat together again; Mrs. Leonard Govett, in a spring-like toque, was one of the best-dressed women in the room. Men predominated in large numbers, which always makes a successful party, as they fetch and carry, give up their seats, and get you a drink. They were charming men, too, like Michael Crichton, William Teeling, Lord Poulett, and Nigel Tangye and his brother.

Studded with Turquoises

MR. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks were in a large restaurant party last Monday, with that charming person, Mrs. Roger Thornycroft, Prince Weickersheim, Count and Countess von der Goltz, Count and Countess Puckler and Mr. Peter Tiarks.

Joan Tiarks wore an ultra simple black dress, edged round the hem and sleeves with gold fringe, and a lovely thick black woollen coat with gold revers studded with turquoises.

The pretty Countess Puckler looks like an extraordinarily young debutante, but has been married for four years, and she and her husband are living in Chelsea.

New Faces

HAVING watched the film *Fire Over England* being made at Denham last summer, we were even more than ordinarily interested in its presentation at the Leicester Square Cinema on Wednesday night.

There is a magnificent cast headed by that great actress Flora Robson, and the scenery, "effects," and story place this film in category "A" in the cinema world. New faces among the usual first-nighters, too, that night—Lord Carisbrooke, escorting his lovely debutante daughter; Sir John Leigh, and Lady Mary Lygon, happily recovered from her recent attack of that most painful of all modern illnesses, sinus.

Lady Diana Duff Cooper wore a thin black veil draped over her fair hair, and a bunch of shell flowers as a top-knot. We asked H. G. Wells if Queen Elizabeth really talked like that, and missed his laughing reply in the crowd.

First Night

THE perfect end to a good play is to sup at the Savoy Grill and join in the applause that greets the heroine of the evening as she enters.

Last Thursday it was Joyce Barbour, known not so very long ago as the "Baby of the Gaiety," and now anticipating middle age by at least fifteen years by giving the performance of her life as the mother in *George and Margaret* at Wyndham's.

It is a brilliant first effort by Grace Lane's son, "Gerald Savory," who was

Lady Cook

received the order of knight-last week's Investitures: he since 1931, is proprietor of seat on the Norfolk County active local committee-man

Christening at the Oratory

The Hon. George and Mrs. Bellew's first-born was christened Richard George at Brompton Oratory, with the Hon. Patrick Bellew, the Hon. Mrs. O'Brien and Miss Joan Cull as godparents (Mrs. Bellew was Ursula Cull). The Hon. George Bellew has been the Somerset Herald since 1926

clapped and cheered to the echo as he shyly concealed himself in a box on the opening night.

Apart from the sheer joy of Joyce Barbour's performance, Jane Baxter distinguished herself in an embarrassingly vampish part, Nigel Patrick was excellent as her precocious brother, and the play was produced by Richard Bird. Speaking for ourselves, no audience ever enjoyed itself more.

Mr. Henry and Lady Anne Hunloke were in a large party in the stalls, and the most fascinating dress we have ever seen was worn by a recent bride, the very pretty, very blonde Mrs. Morton. It was bright scarlet chiffon with a knot of gold at the neck and a scarf drapery of bright green and purple chiffon.

Dancing and Dresses

THERE are two rather different charity affairs coming along, one next week, and one early in April.

On Monday the 8th, there is a Ballet Gala at the Piccadilly Theatre, to which the Queen is going. It is in aid of the National Council of Girls' Clubs, of which, as Duchess of York, she was patron for ten years.

Lydia Sokolova, Markova and Dolin, Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpmann are dancing, and the Ballet Club and several schools are contributing to the programme. It will be an interesting evening from the dancing point of view.

On April 7th and 8th, most of the leading dress designers are showing their Coronation models in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies, in the Great Hall at Grosvenor House. Bruton Street, Hanover Square, Davies Street and Piccadilly are the addresses of the "houses" exhibiting; it ought to be the sort of dress show there never has been before and probably never will be again, when all these rivals (and their mannequins) appear under the same roof.

Film Premiere

The author of the book, A. E. W. Mason, was photographed arriving with Lady Diana Duff Cooper at the premiere of "Fire Over England" at the Leicester Square. The first, second, third and fourth Sea Lords were also present to see this film

Stage First Night

Lord and Lady Greville preferred the flesh-and-blood first night at the Queen's Theatre to the rival screen premiere, and saw Marie Tempest in the excellent part that "Retreat from Folly" gives her

Riviera Postscript

MONTE CARLO is enjoying its best season since the war, and it is practically impossible to get a room without booking well in advance at any of the popular hotels.

We came across three very disconsolate figures after midnight, who had been trying hotel after hotel for accommodation, and had finally to go down to the Condamine to find beds.

The long spell of fine weather has brought a number of Americans from Paris, as well as a large English crowd who make their friends at home green with envy when they report that the last drop of rain which fell on the Côte d'Azur was on January 27th.

Unrecognised Film Star

AT the newly decorated Beaux Arts Cinema at Monte Carlo, which is now far more comfortable than any in Nice, I was struck with the enthusiasm with which Queen Mary was greeted when she appeared in a news-reel visiting the B.I.F.; the clapping continued for several seconds. The Monegasques, although few if any of them have even seen her, are well informed of the doings in England, and are most sympathetic with her sad experiences of the past year.

George Arliss was at the show, and it was astonishing to see that no one recognised him. To hear his voice behind one is to know who it must be. It is rather a busman's holiday for him, spending an evening at the Beaux Arts, but he declares it amuses him when he can go so completely "incog."

Royal Tennis

EVERYONE knows of the King of Sweden's passion for playing in tennis tournaments, even at his advanced age, but fewer people know that the Queen of Denmark is a keen player too. She often invites Mrs. Sperling, last year's runner-up at Wimbledon, up to the Palace at Copenhagen for a game, and can drive a really hard ball.

She persuaded the King to give up a day's yachting at Cannes to go over to Beaulieu to watch Mrs. Sperling, who was in all three finals, and cut short her déjeuner so that she did not miss any of the play. She and the King of Sweden could be heard discussing Wimbledon prospects, for although King Gustav seldom comes to London, he follows all the tennis reports in the newspapers, and his own doings are telegraphed to Stockholm daily by Dr. Casserman, his tennis-playing physician, who accompanies him everywhere.

Dark Horse

SEÑORITA ANITA LIZANA, the little Chilean tennis champion, continues to beat everyone in the South of France, and is now tipped as the dark horse for Wimbledon, 1937. She has only suffered two defeats since last July, and these at the hands of Mrs. Sperling and Mme. Mathieu, ranked 1st and 2nd on the Continent. She is anxious to beat these two at Monte Carlo and Mentone, and is planning out her campaign. One only hopes her liking for ice-cream and sweets and no meat whatever will not prove her undoing.

MISS PEEPS

John Everard

Edith Evans as Rosalind

What a great actress Edith Evans is. . . . Put her Rosalind beside her Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, her Lady Fidget in *The Country Wife*, her Witch in *The Witch of Edmonton*, her Agatha in *The Old Ladies*, and then look for another actress in England to come within bowing distances of any one of these performances. Every line she speaks as Rosalind is pure pleasure; the wit, gaiety and living aptness of her interpretation of the part are so enchanting, so persuasive, that no other Rosalind seems ever to have been possible. Even the surprise of the formalised eighteenth-century production and setting, even the Watteau swing oddly appearing in the Forest of Arden, must be forgiven by shocked traditionalists since all is a frame for this incomparable portrait. Edith Evans has been acting at the Old Vic again this season, and there this production of *As You Like It* was first given before Christmas. Three weeks ago it was moved over to the New Theatre, with Michael Redgrave as Orlando, Marie Ney as Celia, Leon Quartermaine as Jaques, Frederick Lloyd as Touchstone. The four weeks' run has now been extended until March 13th

The Theatre

"Wise To-morrow" (Lyric)

IT is said that whenever Gaspard Deburau, the Grimaldi of France, had to play with some instrument of death or torture he showed exceptional gaiety. In this respect Stephen Powys, author of the extremely well-received new piece at the Lyric Theatre, is rather like him. The story of a greedy old woman dying in the attempt to pervert a young life to her own purposes is a serious story with a jester's cap stuck blithely on its head; and Naunton Wayne, renowned compère of non-stop variety, is encouraged to make such a merry noise with the bells that gusts of laughter indecently disturb the sighs due from a sympathetic audience to death and devilry triumphant.

STILL, Martita Hunt stands up bravely for sighs against the steady distraction of wise-cracks. She paints a large, flamboyant portrait of Diana Ebury, a famous actress whose failing health has cut short her career but whose harsh egotism prompts her to twist the thin talent of a younger actress into an imitation of her own. Thus she hopes to enjoy in retirement vicarious stage triumphs. Moreover, by ordering Joan's life as she pleases, by playing on her vanity and enslaving her will, Diana may also satisfy a sinister possessiveness which has already claimed one victim in the person of the unhappy monocled secretary neatly hit off by Olga Lindo.

A GRANDIOSE and somehow terrifying personage the Ebury, and made the more terrifying by Diana Churchill's serious, skilful and persuasive study of the younger actress whose inherent silliness is revealed, bit by bit, in her growing dependence on hysterical flattery. It must be owned, however, that the silly girl gets no help from anyone. Peter Marsh, the young man to whom she is betrothed, duly insists that she must choose between marriage and the dazzling prospects of a stage success, but he shows the faintest possible understanding of her predicament. Tony, the good-humoured girl who is secretly in love with Peter, shows more. This happens to be unhelpful, for Tony, though played by Nora Swinburne, is apt to be tongue-tied at emotional crises and becomes really expressive only when she is joking herself into a temporary love affair with Naunton Wayne's drolly, lackadaisical cynic.

Once, indeed, Tony brings Joan to her senses, but the advantage is soon snatched away. The formidable Diana Ebury comes gate-crashing into a party and dies *at* her victim, so to speak, having taken the precaution to bequeath Joan her money, her house, and her secretary. The ninny shilly-shallies no longer, and we leave her a second Diana.

THAT the elderly schemer encounters no opposition worthy of her peculiar powers, that the author appears frequently to be telling one story in the guise of another, that the current of both stories is persistently broken by wise-cracks—such are the play's faults; but they are not likely, I think, to stand in the way of its success. All the acting is first-rate, and Naunton Wayne is extremely funny and something more. He delights and perhaps surprises the connoisseur by proving that those well-judged pauses which enable the expert compère to give point to absurdity may also be used to make pathos effective. A. V. C.

Hard-drinking artist and passionate, compassionate spinster: Naunton Wayne and Nora Swinburne

Climbing actress whose head gets dizzy on the heights: Diana Churchill

Sketches by Rowson

Mistress of tragedy and master of stenography: Martita Hunt and Olga Lindo

He lost his fiancée to her girl-friend: Esmond Knight

Celebrity Side-Lines

Count and Countess Castelbarco

Left: a St. Moritz snapshot of Count and Countess Castelbarco, before they went back to their home in Milan. He is an artist, and is giving an exhibition of his portraits and landscapes in London in May. His wife is the daughter of Signor Toscanini, and a sister of Mme. Vladimir Horowitz

Right: Captain Charles Moore has just been appointed racing manager to the King, in succession to the late Brig. H. A. Tomkinson. Captain Moore (of Mooresfort, Tipperary) is a member of the Jockey Club and the Irish Turf Club, and a well-known breeder of bloodstock

Captain Charles Moore

Miss Merle Oberon and Mr. Robert Sweeny

Rumour keeps Merle Oberon busy denying engagements; not long ago it was David Niven, and now it's "Bobby" Sweeny that her name has been linked with, and, according to both of them, with no justification. They are seen quite often together, and were photographed at Addington

Miss Dorothy Round

Dorothy Round has been playing wet-weather golf at Dudley, near Birmingham, where she lives. She has been made a member of the National Advisory Council on Physical Fitness, doesn't believe in "fancy exercises" if she can play golf and tennis twice a week and take a few long walks

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ALL unaware of the warmth of the welcome that awaits them in the Homeland, especially from people with houses and flats still to let, our cousins Overseas are already packing blithely away for the Coronation trip, and all the time Auntie *Times* is worrying herself sick over the question of making them feel at home. Her little readers rally round with suggestions, each more ingenious than the last. The best so far demands that a list should be drawn up of people volunteering to call on Overseas visitors. In order to exclude touts, cads, share-pushers, and agents for O-So-Kumfie Bodybelts, all names would be strictly checked from the Red Book. It doesn't seem to occur to the inventor of this scheme that even then the Overseas visitor mightn't like 'em. It 's obvious that among the thousands arriving from the Dominions there will be hundreds who 've had letters of introduction already and have wisely torn them up, knowing something about our old English hospitality, and hundreds also whose chief preoccupation will be to see all the Coronation sights and dodge dear Homeland faces at the same time. In any case we shouldn't think *any* of them would want unknown specimens of Auntie *Times'* readers calling at *any* time, on any pretext whatsoever. In fact, we know a wealthy Australian just arrived in London who has borrowed a gun and sits behind locked doors cleaning it for hours, his lips moving silently. He says it 's for rabbits.

He made one point, however, which the *Times* might consider. He said he wouldn't in the least mind the Dorchester Cabaret Girls dropping in for tea and a chat on Imperial problems any day, singly or *en masse*. Is there still time to arrange this charming surprise, which would gratify every one of our kinsmen of Empire, and draw still more closely the bonds which, etc., etc., etc., and tralala, and tralala ?

No Sale

LITTLE or no enthusiasm was displayed by half a dozen serious members of the National Liberal Club with whom we discussed last week a recent suggestion that the Club is the ideal London *décor* for a rather juicy type of murder. They were very stiff and proud, and did not seem to think the idea would do at all. We gather from a seventh member of our acquaintance that they were probably suspicious, deeming they were being got at. H. G. Wells, G. K. Chesterton, P. G. Wodehouse, Norman Davey, and " Beachcomber " are among those who have got at the N.L.C. boys from time to time. Only a little time ago P. G.'s comparison in a *Strand* story of an East End riot to " Guest-Night at the National Liberal " roused howls of fury and indignation in Whitehall Place, in the Welsh tongue particularly. We had of course no intention of gibing. We thought they 'd jump at the suggestion.

However, it seems there is a small group or caucus of dissemblers and snakes-in-the-grass at the N.L.C. which would seize the opportunity of having a murder there to indulge in frivolity, and of a very dubious kind. These are the boys who 've been known to decorate the Peel bust with lipstick at a New Year Ball, and to ensnare aged members by slipping a copy of *La Vie Parisienne* among the Bluebooks and Parliamentary Reports on the table of the Gladstone Library (and a disturbing sight it is, our friend tells us, to see a patriarch of Liberalism scurry away into a quiet alcove to gloat in comfort over those lewd French pages). Such tricks will stir the loathing of every earnest thinker, for the Temple of Liberalism is no place for even pure-minded fun. We wish we could repeat here what Campbell-Bannerman, the great Liberal Prime Minister, once said about its *décor* and general atmosphere. Anyhow, you *could* stage a very good serious murder there, perfect of its kind yet completely dissimilar in every way from a murder at the Carlton Club ; the one being essentially glutinous, the other essentially starchy.

" Say — we gotta find something *for that gap ! "*

Beauty Unadorned

EXCEPT that the French cartoonist Sennep leans lightly to the Right and the Australian cartoonist Low heavily to the Left, they have a certain amount in common, chiefly a ruthless savagery which spares nobody—in Low's case not

even his god and employer, Lord Beaverbrook. Without having seen the act-drop designed by Sennep for the new Casino de Paris revue, in which Maurice Chevalier stars, we know exactly what it must have looked like before the Paris police stepped in the other evening and had it suppressed. It represented actually the Three Political Graces, Herriot, Blum, and Daladier, in the nude, additional point being given to the barb by an immediately-preceding tableau of three graceful and not overdressed girls posing the well-known classic group. The police asked the Casino management to cut the whole jape out, which seems in principle a pity, since French and American revues are enviably free to sock at notorious political and other turnip-faces as they choose, unlike our refined little West End nursery romps which wouldn't hurt a beetle. Even a song poking gentle fun at the Two Macs, father and son, was cut out of a West End revue script recently. It 's not done, chaps.

Sennep is especially good at getting the utmost diabolic and even obscene twist out of politicians in the nude, in all their unlovely kinks and curves. We remember one beauty of M. Blum—it may have appeared in *Candide* or *Gringoire*—which we couldn't possibly describe to you, though it wasn't so much improper as Rabelaisian to a rollicking degree. Low would never be allowed this freedom. He gets a fair amount of diablerie out of faces and stomachs, nevertheless ; as to faces, notably those of Mr. Baldwin and Sir John Simon, Heaven's own gift to the cartoonist.

Goggle-Eye Dept.

TALKING of nudes on the stage—if the subject doesn't bore you, though Heaven knows they 're tiresome enough—Herman Finck's just-published jolly book of reminiscences recalls that daring little dab at Cinquecento realism in *Decameron Nights* at Drury Lane, which missed its allure completely because the flap-eared and goggle-eyed public didn't realise what was going on.

It happened in the scene where Margaret Bannerman, the heroine, was supposed to be washed ashore after a shipwreck. The scene was dimly lit, because Miss Bannerman wore literally nothing at all. Nobody else was allowed on the stage during this brief exposé, and nobody was allowed in the wings or back-stage, except one very aged trusty whose job it was to hobble on at the end of the scene, fling a capacious rug over Miss Bannerman with averted eyes, and hurry her shyly off. There was of course no earthly point in all this elaborate propriety, because the audience naturally took for granted that Miss Bannerman was wearing tights. Just for fun we 'd like to see the producer of *Decameron Nights* explaining the whole situation to a producer of the Folies-Bergère, in whose life stage nudes singly and en masse are about as eventful as cold veal-cutlets.

Just one degree more tedious than the stage nude, in our modest opinion, is the American strip-tease baby. (There 's one in London now, but the Lord Chamberlain makes her wear tights.) As an entertainment the performance is nil ; as an erotic incitement it 's just about fit for the simplest, most jelly-like forms of human life, Big Business men and the more pimply subalterns, Kenya coffee-planters on leave and those elderly sportsmen and men-about-town for whom *The Winning Post* and *Photo Bits* once filled a long-felt literary and artistic want. Watch these boys next time you get this daring and yawnful act inflicted on you. They 're much more amusing.

Spring Cleaning

NOT before it was due, they 've renovated the entire interior of the Paris Opéra, which was thick with accumulated dust and grime dating from the Third Empire ; not that that worried either the management or the Republic which subsidises it. Take it or leave it, is the cynical French attitude in such matters, and they don't mind shabby theatres. Twenty years ago Arnold Bennett described the Variétés as having the carpets of a lodging-house of the '70's, the seats of an old omnibus, and the gilt and decorated sculpture of a circus at a travelling fair, the whole encrusted with the dinginess of generations. They 've refurbished the Variétés slightly since then, and to be quite fair the newer Parisian theatres are as spick and span and

" I know, but I lost me three-cornered ! "

modern as anything we 've got. The poor old Opéra, being a State department, just staggered along with its grime and its fly-blown scenery and its second-hand costumes. The impression left on the impartial observer was that they were just waiting with a shrug for it to fall down and die.

However, they 've now even reconstructed its immense stage and made it one of the best in the world, crammed with the latest machinery and gadgets; so now the Opéra apparently rivals the Pigalle, Rothschild's toy, which has such masses of glittering complicated machinery under and above the stage that people are terrified. Now and again this machinery catches and kills an actor, which is rather embarrassing.

One impressive spectacle enjoyed by the Parisians in 1875, when the Opéra first opened, might justly have been afforded them again at the reopening a couple of Sundays ago. In 1875 the Lord Mayor of London attended in state, complete with gilt coach, footmen, mace, sword, and what have you. His coachman was the idol of Paris. The astounded mob simply couldn't believe those nobly swelling calves, that convex expanse of decorated stomach, that lordly wig, and that dignified immobility.

Contretemps

KIPLING lovers are still a bit shaken at the remarkable onslaught on the Master's infallibility by Mr. G. C. Beresford, the original of M'Turk in *Stalky and Co.*, in the *Telegraph* the other day.

On the evidence of Mr. Beresford, a large amount of Kipling's account of his schooldays in his just-published autobiography is plain bunk. "It seems that he was unable in retrospect to distinguish between what actually happened and what he wrote in *Stalky*," says Mr. Beresford. Apparently Kipling was never bullied at Westward Ho! There weren't any "incessant riots," raids, or uprisals between the houses. The three roaring swashbucklers were "by no means a doughty trio, physically, and we should have been described as rabbits." Kipling never played football or any other game at school, owing to his eyesight. Greek was not taught at the United Services College, so Kipling's references to Greek Testament lessons are meaningless. Also, the Three never smoked pipes in term and therefore never got punished for it.

The most surprising thing of all is that although Kipling describes how Stalky taught him to sing, how he sang in choir in Chapel, and how his singing career was ended by "some trouble over a solitaire marble" which rolled into the aisle, Mr. Beresford says there was no choir in the school and no Chapel. And he sums up by suggesting that it seems as if Kipling wanted to appear even in his schooldays as considerably harder and tougher than he in fact was. It also shows what a treacherous hag old Aunt Memory can be, and how she can get genius ultimately tied up, even when it 's as photographic a genius as Kipling's. Of course this sort of thing has frequently happened to lesser people—notably to Lamb's boy friend the actor Elliston, who played in so many coronation scenes that at last he thought he was a King, and used to burst into tears and hiccup blessings on his people. Also to George the Fourth, who in later years was under the impression that he won the battle of Waterloo. His friends attributed a good part of this illusion, however, to curaçoa.

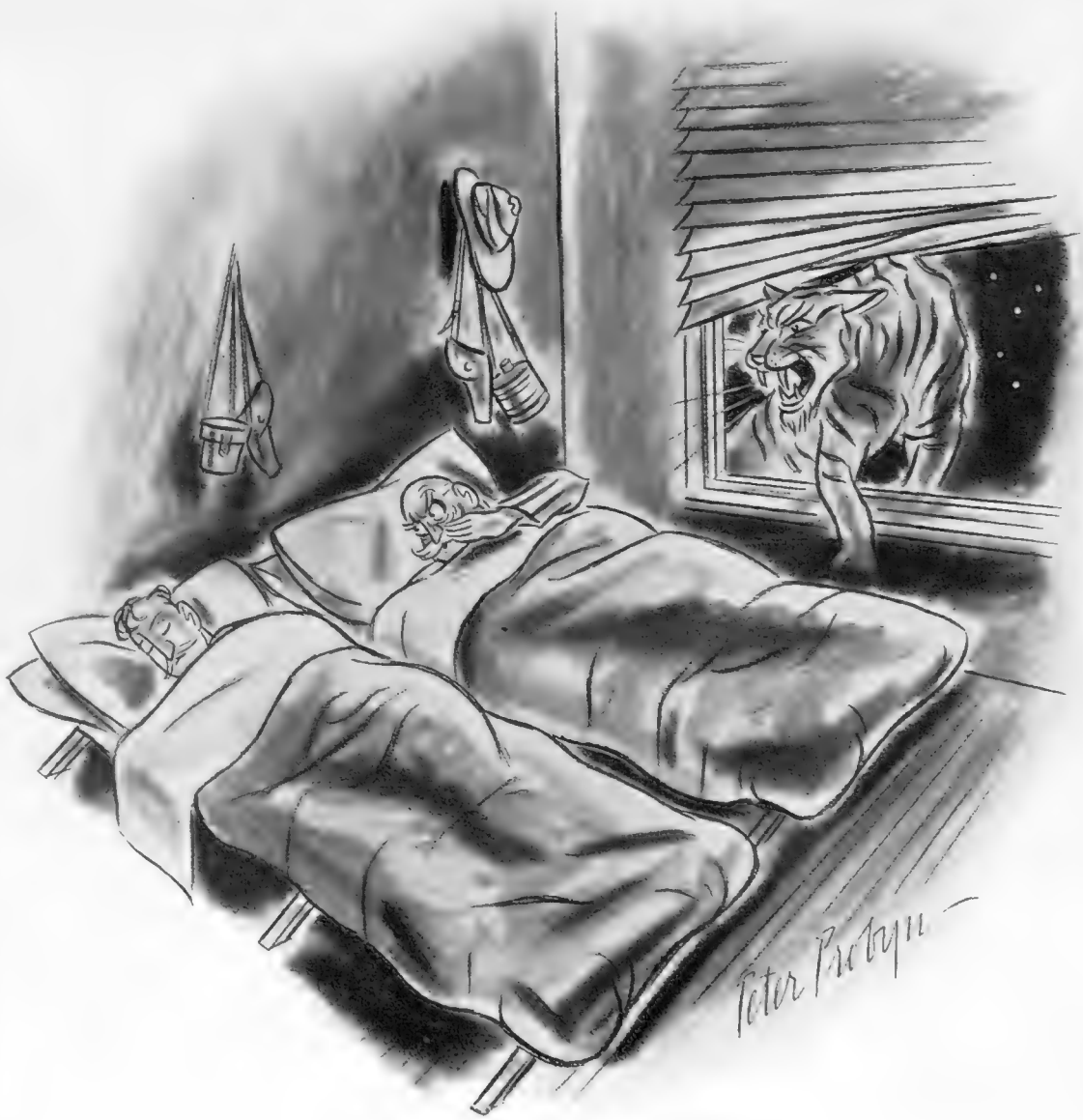
Service

A CITIZEN of Prague has been struck quite dumb by the kindness of the British Post Office, a born mother if ever there was one. The Returned Letter Department recently informed him that it had a sample packet of chocolate addressed to him. They couldn't forward it on account of regulations, but they asked him to give the sender's name and address, or, if he didn't know these, the name and address of somebody in England to whom they could send the chocolate instead. *And* they paid the postage.

It doesn't surprise us. It 's just an old Post Office custom. What will happen eventually is that the P.M.G. in person, beaming like Pickwick, will trot round with the chocolate and stand by while the recipient eats it, making polite conversation. When the chocolate is finished he will smilingly proffer a new handkerchief for the recipient to wipe her mouth, after which he will offer to write an official letter to Prague expressing gratitude and saying how nice it was. There will be no charge whatsoever.

The newest development in telephone service is another example of the tireless way in which the Post Office cares for us. You wake in the small hours and stay awake, worried or fretful or just afraid of the bogies? Dial LUL or ask for "Lullaby Service" and the operator will sing you to sleep.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"That you snoring again, Middleton?"

Films of the Day

"Maid of Salem" and Made in England: By George Campbell

If you like Claudette Colbert—and if you don't you're a myopic mugwump, and no friend of mine—make a point of seeing *Maid of Salem*, Paramount's excursion into a singularly bloody chapter in New England history. Salem, as you know, was the scene of the witchcraft persecution of 1692. The madness started with ten hysterical girls accusing Tituba, a negro slave employed by a local parson, of bewitching them. Before it died down, nineteen poor wretches were hanged for practising the black arts and another pressed to death, as was the law here, too, for refusing to plead.

Not, at first sight, the stuff that films are made on; but a powerful, gripping drama, relieved here and there by touches of humour. The little Puritan community, with its house-raisings, its church services with the women carefully segregated from the men lest lustful thoughts should be engendered by propinquity, its bans on dancing and whistling, and even laughing, has been re-created on the screen in all its bleak bigotry but without perceptible exaggeration; and the way the blood-lust starts and spreads is only too horribly familiar. Millions of Americans will see this picture and rejoice that the bad old days are gone. But are they? Change the clothes and the archaisms of speech (a mistake, anyway), charge a negro with rape instead of magic, and you could find just such a case of hysteria and mass-murder in the United States to-day.

Enough of sociology. *Maid of Salem* is picturesque, exciting entertainment, brilliantly acted by Miss Colbert and a very powerful cast. If there is any other young actress on the screen who combines Miss Colbert's graces and talents—for comedy, romantic tenderness and tearing drama—she hasn't come this way. Fred MacMurray plays opposite her; Bonita Granville, so brilliantly hateful in *We Three*, is the child who starts the trouble; and the others include Harvey Stephens, Gale Sondergaard (the queer-looking villainess of *Anthony Adverse*), Louise Dresser, Beulah Bondi, J. Farrell MacDonald, Halliwell Hobbes, Brandon Hurst, the old silent star, William Farnum, and a lady of colour with dramatic talent, by the name of Mme. Sul-te-Wan, who plays Tituba quite memorably.

Of three new British comedies, not one is really amusing because not one bears any relation to life. They will amuse children of all ages. Adults will note the de-baggings, the big women bullying little men, the men dressing up as women, the women undressing before men—they will watch these familiar japes with boredom, with irritation, and finally, with genuine curiosity. Why do the British, alone amongst the film-producing countries, consider such juvenilia funny? What is the explanation when agreeable and (outside working hours) intelligent men deliberately pour anything from £30,000 to £80,000 into stories which are hackneyed even in the home of the well-dressed cliché—I mean the West End stage? What *is* wrong with British pictures? The answers, so far as I can see, seem to be something like this:

A Producer (*bravely wistful*): No co-operation, old boy. You can't get stories in this country. Writers just aren't film-minded. And when you do find one, what happens? No directors. No scenario men. You pay others and do the job yourself. . . . Oh, Miss Kleig—if anybody inquires I 'll be lunching at the Babylon—back at four sharp.

A Director: Here 's the whole thing in a nutshell, old boy. You 've got to sweat blood and do it all yourself. Plan the production. Do the casting director's job for him. Re-write the story. And, of course, do your own cutting. That 's the secret of making pictures. Ask Capra. Ask Lubitsch. We leave nothing to chance. But, gosh—it means work! Well, cheerio—or I 'll be late for Walton Heath.

A Script Writer: What! They can't find scripts? What makes 'em think they 'd know a script if they fell over it? Did I tell you what they did to my last story? . . . (*One hour and ten minutes later.*) If they do that to a Riskin type of story, tell me, what *do* they want? I 'm working on one now—a sort of *Crime Without Passion*, with a touch of Réné Clair. Best thing I 've ever done—but you know Hamburger and Megaphone—between them they 'll kill the damn thing stone-dead! And all for a lousy hundred a week, old boy—I ask you, is it worth it? Do you know what Ben Hecht gets? (*Gloomily orders another Courvoisier '65, on me.*)

A Star (*with the winning charm for which he is famous*): Well, let 's be honest. One doesn't claim to be a Chaplin—did you *really* see anything in *Modern Times*, old boy?—but one *does* know one's public. Now take my last comedy. All that stuff about the young couple—bored everybody stiff. And why bring in that American? A grand scout, of course—I always stay with him in Hollywood—but just not our sense of humour, if you know what I mean. And old Flossie What 's-her-name? Absolutely finished! A darling—one of my oldest friends, but dead as mutton! When they cut one's sixth number to make room for junk like that, is it any wonder the notices aren't so hot?

Not, of course, that it makes a bit of difference with the public. If you could only have been with me at Montage-in-the-Mud when I made a personal there the other night! Ten policemen and thirty ushers fighting 'em back, old boy! And such a *surprise*, when one doesn't claim to be a Chaplin. Yes, a genius—and how right to give it up and take to directing Paulette Goddard!

Well, Abyssinia! (*Exit, making dresser laugh heartily with witty caper.*)

All Together (*to the Press*): Team-work—everybody from Mr. Hamburger down to the office-boy pulling together, thinking pictures, dreaming pictures, sticking at it twenty hours a day without a break—that 's the secret, gentlemen. When you see our new programme you 'll realise how right Sam Goldwyn was when he told us he 'd seen nothing like our work in Hollywood. You 'll see then why British pictures lead the world. What? Twelve o'clock? No use starting that office shot this morning. And I think we 've earned a quick one! Boys, this is on me! (*Amidst general acclamation, Mr. Hamburger leads the way to lunch.*)

Claudette Colbert as the Maid of Salem

The casting of Claudette Colbert as the Maid of Salem in the film of that name was like the casting of an apple of discord amongst the critics: some thought she was just right, some thought she wasn't. Mr. Campbell here joins the former band (he says you 're a myopic mugwump if you don't like her) with regard to her part in this story of the witchcraft persecution in puritan New England. She 's supported by Fred MacMurray, and Bonita Granville acts a hateful child again. "Maid of Salem" is at the Carlton

"Boris Godunov"

The Pushkin-Moussorgsky Revival at Sadler's Wells

Edith Coates as the hostess of the inn on the frontier

Above: Ronald Stear as Boris

Top, right: John Wright as the novice pretender, Gregory

This season's first performance of *Boris Godunov* at Sadler's Wells was arranged for the death centenary of its author, Pushkin, newest hero of the Soviets. Moussorgsky's music, which interprets the story and characters so excellently that the poet's share in the opera is often ignored, is played in the original scoring, with one important and effective exception: the revolutionary scene from the second edition has been substituted for the crowd scene in the first. A great deal of thought has obviously been expended on the ensemble, which is again decorated by Doboujinsky's striking scenery, and laurels go to conductor Lawrance Collingwood, especially in his handling of the choruses, and to producer Clive Carey, especially in his handling of the crowds. Principals and small parts are all capitally interpreted—as well as the three on this page are Morgan Jones's Shuiski, Arnold Matters' Varlaam, Henry Gill's Pimen—and the whole of the sombre episodic drama leaves, as it should, a strong taste of this colourful, half-wild page from Russian history

Headkerchiefs

As Worn for Point-to-Points

A Fashion for the Very Young

At the top are Miss Diana Severne and the Hon. Lelgarde Philipps, Viscount St. Davids' debutante daughter. In the circle are Miss Wellesley and Lady Iris Mountbatten. Below them are Lady Patricia Douglas, deb of 1936, and Miss Bridget Fetherstonehaugh. They were all at the Oxford or Cambridge meetings at Showell Farm and Cottenham

Miss Addington, Lord George Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch's youngest brother, and Mr. Hobhouse were at the Oxford University point-to-point meeting. The epidemic of handkerchiefs and scarves tied round the head instead of or even over hats seems to have taken violently among the English young ladies who go to point-to-points. It has arrived via Switzerland and Austria from last year's sun-bathing season

Above: Miss Susan North, another 1937 debutante, is with Mr. Teddy Lambton and his mother, the Hon. Mrs. George Lambton, at Cottenham

Left: Miss Jacqueline Dyer was talking to the Hon. Ursula Mills and Miss Gillian Strutt, who used her scarf to keep her hat dry and on her head. There was a big wind the day the Oxford and Cambridge meetings were held

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Lady Louis Mountbatten

Just before she went to South Africa, Lady Louis Mountbatten moved into her new London home, a "penthouse" above the flats replacing Brook House, the vast mansion left her by Sir Ernest Cassel. "Penthouse" miserably describes the large, two-floored house magnificently planned and decorated by an American architect and an American woman decorator, and all schemed to house Lady Louis Mountbatten's collections of pictures, jade, and English plate. Lady Louis is Lord Mount Temple's elder daughter; her mother was the daughter of Sir Ernest Cassel, and she and her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, succeeded to their grandfather's fortune. She married Lord Louis Mountbatten, Lord Milford Haven's brother, in 1922, and they have two daughters of thirteen and eight who have a wing of the penthouse to themselves. Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten also own Adsdean, near Chichester

Meerson, Paris

Princess Natalie Paley—International Socialite and Film Actress

If it weren't for the Revolution, Natalie Paley would be decorating St. Petersburg drawing-rooms or be buried in the Russian countryside whose distractions we know from Chekhov and Turgenev; as it is she is the Continent's answer to our own Princess Pearl's film career, and can be seen in France, England and America, on the screen by the many, in real life by the few. Princess Natalie Paley is lovely to look at, talented, well-read, energetic, and speaks English, French and Spanish (as well as Russian) fluently. She has done film and stage work in France (*L'Epervier*, *Le Prince Jean*), in England (Korda's *Private Life of Don Juan*), and in America (*Sylvia Scarlett*). Her latest French film, *Les Hommes Nouveaux*, with Harry Baur as lead and Marcel l'Herbier as producer, has not yet been shown. At the present moment she is in New York

Robert Helpmann and Margot Fonteyn—the aristocrats of figure-skating—dance a slow graceful pas de deux

June Brae and Pan pair of "skaters," and white spotted des patineuses with

Photograph

Harold Turner is the star of the ballet; h "The Times" as "the most brilliant ch style since the dance of Harlequin in " down on him spinning endlessly, as sk a final lonely flourish of virtuos

"Les Patineurs"

Frederick Ashton's Skating Ballet at Sadler's Wells

The Vic-Wells ballet company was never seen to more sparkling advantage than in this new ballet; the whole thing is so well-finished and "of a piece," so full of spirit and gaiety, that it is irresistible. Frederick Ashton has used his skating theme with the greatest skill; one never forgets that the dancers are skaters, but there is no labouring the point: they are first of all dancers. Ashton's touch is sure, and his ingenuity is the servant and not the master of his choreography. The soloists have some interesting and difficult work, and there is a small corps de ballet (eight in all) whose performance is excellent in accuracy and polish. Meyerbeer's cheerful tunes and rhythms, and William Chappell's delightful and apt dresses and setting complete this great success

ela May are a perfectly matched dressed in plum-coloured jackets skirts; they dance their pas fluency and delightful precision

by Anthony

variation has been described in acteristic solo in the classical Carnaval.'" The curtain goes ers do, on an empty "rink," among the snow flakes

The virtuosos of the rink, Elizabeth Miller, Harold Turner and Mary Honer, meet for a lively and humorous pas de trois

Left: Elizabeth Miller and Mary Honer are the comics of the ballet, but their amusing over-confidence as skaters is forgotten when they dance their solo variations. Mary Honer has a series of breath-taking double fouettés renversés and pirouettes which she executes with faultless technique

Left and below: camera impressions of the first and second violins, Adolf Busch and Gosta Andreasson

The Busch Quartet at Rehearsal

This week the Busch Quartet are in the middle of their series of four concerts; the third one is to-morrow night at the Wigmore Hall, and the last is next Monday. It is the sixth time this superb quartet have played in England; their concerts are now established as best-sellers in the musical world here. Professor Adolf Busch, their founder and first violin, is a great musician as well as a fine violinist (he is also a composer and teacher), and the playing of his quartet is music of the purest quality. He is now a Swiss subject, and lives in Basle; he is not a Jew but has refused to play in Germany as long as his Jewish colleagues are outcasts or exiles. Hermann Busch, the 'cellist, is his younger brother; Fritz Busch, head conductor and director of the Glyndebourne opera, is his elder brother. Andreasson, the second violin, is Swedish and a pupil of Adolf Busch; Doktor, the viola player, has been with the quartet for many years, and is Viennese. The Busch Quartet is the basis of the small orchestra which has twice played the complete series of Brandenburg Concertos in London for the second time last autumn

Right: the two behind are Gosta Andreasson, second violin, and Hermann Busch, 'cello; in front are Karl Doktor, viola, and Adolf Busch, first violin

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Howard Coster, London

Powers of the Pulpit: the Rev. Donald Soper

While Leslie Weatherhead, last week's "power of the pulpit," is in a line of succession from Whitfield viâ Mark Guy Pearse, Dr. Soper is more the spiritual successor to Wesley viâ Hugh Price Hughes. A red-blooded speaker who deals mercilessly with false hecklers, Donald Soper has his oratory founded on the soap-box which he set up ten years ago on Tower Hill. That was when he had graduated from St. Catharine's and Wesley House, Cambridge, and from the London School of Economics and was a junior minister in the South London Methodist Mission. He was transferred to the Islington Central Hall in 1929, and to the Kingsway Hall as superintendent of the West London Mission last September. Meanwhile—and this is what made him famous—he went every Wednesday noon to his stand on Tower Hill and drew large and sometimes truculent open-air congregations, so much that the B.B.C. in 1934, in 1935, and in 1936 handed him their microphone for series of talks that brought showers of questions to Broadcasting House. Soper captained his soccer, cricket and boxing teams at school, is an ardent pacifist on Dick Sheppard's platform, loves music, and himself performs excellently on the piano and tin whistle. He is thirty-four

"Bystander" Short Story No. 78

The Messenger

By Milward Kennedy

Illustration by H. Botterill

THE handsome old gentleman, sitting rather stiffly upright in the old-fashioned chair, held out his hand to his visitor.

"Forgive me if I remain seated, Mr. Jenkins," he said. "And please sit down."

Mr. Jenkins for a brief second held the thin hand in his heavy, coarse one. He muttered a mixture of greetings and thanks, and lowered his bulk into a chair facing the baronet's. The stiffness of the tone as well as of the attitude embarrassed and annoyed him, though he noticed with satisfaction that the chairs were so placed that he himself had the light behind him. He cleared his throat; he projected his chin and his lower lip, rolling forward his head so that his Adam's apple was clear of the constriction of his collar—a narrow, stiff collar, which looked, as it was, an unusual adornment of the rolls of red fat on his neck.

"So you have news of my son?" the old man continued.

"Er—yes," Jenkins answered.

He was uncomfortably aware that the man-servant who had ushered him into the room was still there, standing motionless by the door. He flung a glance in that direction, but the baronet seemed not to notice it or the man's presence.

"Yes, Mr. Jenkins?" he prompted; the tone of the voice was sweet and calm.

"It 's—rather private, Sir Henry," said Jenkins. The aspirate only just made its presence heard.

"Of course. Ah, you refer to the presence of Purvis. But I can assure you, Mr. Jenkins, that you can speak as openly to Purvis as to myself. He is—" he hesitated for an instant—"he is more than a servant. You may not realise, Mr. Jenkins, that I am blind."

Jenkins certainly had not realised it, and his discomfort increased; and he wondered why the old boy would keep on calling him by his name, as it were.

"All the same, sir——"

"Very well, if you insist. Purvis!"

"Very good, sir."

The man noiselessly withdrew. Jenkins repeated the wriggle of his head and chin, and in addition ran a forefinger, not without difficulty, round the inside of his collar.

"You 're not accustomed to such formal neckwear?" the old man asked him, conversationally.

"But you said——" Jenkins's tone was eloquent of suspicion.

"We blind people find compensatory senses."

Jenkins stared at the thin, sensitive fingers which caressed the curved arms of the chair. There was a brief silence.

"Forgive my impatience, Mr. Jenkins. But it is a long time—a very long time—since I had news of my son. And I am an old man. If you would give me your news——"

Jenkins shifted his heavy body and grimaced. If the baronet could have seen the expression, he would certainly have known what the news was; perhaps he knew it in spite of his blindness.

"It 's—well—I hardly——"

"It is the worst news you could bring, isn't it, Mr. Jenkins? Oh, I know people say that there are worse things than death. Dishonour, for example. Perhaps I once said so: otherwise my boy might be here now. He is dead, isn't he?"

"Er—yes," he said.

Again it was the old man who ended a brief silence.

"I thank you, Mr. Jenkins, for coming. It is not your fault that your news is bad."

"I—Sir Henry, I can but say I 'm sorry——"

A thin hand waved him gently to silence.

"You can do more than that, I am sure. You can perhaps tell me how it happened. You were a friend of my son's?"

There was something in the way in which that question was asked which Jenkins found unpleasant.

"Well—friend——" he said. Then abruptly he added: "I did not know who he was till he was—dead."

"You mean that the name which he used——"

"Oh, no; he called himself Cresset. Harry Cresset. But he didn't talk about—well, about himself."

Sir Henry smiled.

"But we got on well enough," Jenkins went on. "Of course, I knew he was different from me—I know I 'm a rough diamond, as they say. But—well, I liked him. And I make bold to say Harry liked me. And that 's why I tried to do what I could."

"Ah! There *is* a story, Mr. Jenkins?"

"There is—but I hardly like——"

"Believe me, Mr. Jenkins, it is less painful to hear the most unpleasant details than to be left in the dark. And I am used to darkness."

A gesture of his hand towards his eyes explained his meaning. Jenkins cleared his throat again, and noisily.

(*Concluded on page 354*)

"It 's—rather private, Sir Henry," said Jenkins

The Messenger *(Continued from page 353)*

" I liked him—your son. That 's why I don't like telling you. And yet it was because I liked him——"

The thin fingers began to drum impatiently.

" Please be brief and to the point," Sir Henry begged, or ordered.

" There was a girl—they 're good-lookers in the Pacific islands. Pretty face and—well, if you could have seen her. Sorry, sir, I didn't mean that."

Perhaps the old gentleman realised that Jenkins was not the sort who could tell a story in proper order.

" My son's mistress ? " he enquired.

" Well—you wouldn't call it that out there. Besides, she belonged—she lived with Olsen. A Swede, you know. Tough, but in some ways a regular guy. Point is, though, that Harry fell for the girl. And Olsen and me and Harry were partners."

" Partners in what, Mr. Jenkins ? "

" Well, pearls. But we never had much luck. I—or rather, Harry—had an idea that Olsen was our Jonah, if you follow me."

" Not precisely, I fear."

" Mustn't speak ill of the dead, and so on, I know. But we—Harry, that is—had a sort of notion that Olsen was feathering his own nest. I don't know as I altogether thought so myself, but I own I judged it possible."

" I think I follow, Mr. Jenkins. But in a way this is perhaps remote from the story of my son's death ? "

Jenkins grimaced.

" Well, no. Bad feeling, d'you see, about the pearls. Then the girl. Olsen didn't seem to know, but though I didn't like to say anything to Harry, I was afraid that sooner or later Olsen——. And it was sooner. Olsen went in quiet to Harry's bungalow—dunno why—and found 'em. That 's what I made out afterwards. I went in myself, a bit after Olsen. A boy told me he 'd gone in, and there 'd been a hell of a shindy, and I was afraid—and it was quiet in there."

" You mean," said the old man in his calm, level voice, as his visitor maddeningly paused and wiped his sweating face with a gaudy, rather grimy handkerchief, " that this man Olsen killed my son ? "

Jenkins's shocking answer was a hoarse laugh, hurriedly suppressed.

" No," he hastened to say. " T'other way round."

There was another, longer silence.

" My son killed his partner for a woman."

The old man's voice shook as he spoke the first two words, but instantly he recovered his extraordinary self-control.

" Olsen treated her bad," Jenkins observed, feeling that some kind of consolation was required.

" A murder. And as his motive——"

Again Jenkins cleared his throat. He wished that the old ——— would offer him a drink. Here he 'd come across the world to tell him—and not so much as a mouthful of beer. Oh, well, in a few minutes more——

" That was just it, Sir Henry. A murderer. Not what they call premeditated, but all the same——. Well, I don't say I was surprised nor yet shocked. I 've knocked around a bit. But Harry and me being pals, all I thought of as I stood there was how to get him out of the mess. It wasn't as if there was just the three of us on an island, like you read about. There was the Government Agent and—well, first I thought of burning the place down. Then of pulling Olsen's body out, back to his own quarters. But someone would have talked for sure. And then suddenly I saw how to do it. You see, Harry 'd hit him with a paddle that had stood on the verandah. Hit him on the back of the head—here : oh, I forgot, you can't——. Well, I reckoned that I could make it seem natural like. There wasn't any cut or any blood, so I could move Olsen's body. And there was a little hardwood box with brass corners and a sharp edge—just as sharp as the paddle, I said to myself. And I laid Olsen up against that, so that it looked as though he 'd fallen backwards. But it wouldn't do if it looked like Harry had socked him in the jaw. He had to have slipped. So I sprung a bottle of whisky—rotten stuff, but when you 're hot and tired "—he licked his lips and frowned to remember that the eyes staring so intently at him could not see. " I fairly splashed it about, and rucked up a mat or two, so that anyone with half an eye could see the Swede had slipped and gone a mucker, most likely half-drunk. And I rubbed Harry's finger-prints off the paddle and, well—by God, if you 'll excuse me, there wasn't a thing I didn't think of. Quite a time it took me to get it all set.

" And all of a sudden, just as I was finishing, it struck me that the place was *too* darned quiet. I wondered if Harry had lit out already and how I was to get hold of him and tell him he could stand pat, because there wasn't any evidence but that Olsen had cracked his own skull. I thought of the girl "—again he licked his lips—" but I reckoned I needn't worry about her. She 'd fallen for Harry good and proper—well, you know what I mean—so it wasn't likely she 'd turn King's Evidence, though that 's not what they call it in the islands.

" Mind you, I wasn't too pleased about it all. I 'd liked Olsen, too, though not like I did Harry. Still, we were all three of us partners. And it wasn't just the nicest way to have a partnership bust up.

" Well, I didn't like to shout to Harry. I didn't want to ask the boys where he was. I didn't want to call attention to—things. I stood and wondered—and then, I don't know why, I went into the back room : and there was Harry. And the girl. And Harry's pistol between them. And blood——. What they call a suicide pact, I daresay. Or perhaps the girl didn't know what he was going to do——"

The old man's upraised hand brought a long, heavy silence.

At length, " Go on, Mr. Jenkins," he requested, his voice still steady and firm. " I—thank you for coming to tell me, but I think there is something else which you want to say."

Jenkins began hesitatingly to describe the dead son's merits.

" No, no, Mr. Jenkins ! Please come to the point. I—this has been a shock, as you will understand, and I don't want to prolong our talk."

" Well, sir, since you insist, I don't mind admitting that—well, after all, I did what I could. I couldn't save your son's life, but I saved his name. And as you said just now, there 's some that think dishonour——"

Perhaps it was as well that his host could not see the leer which Jenkins bestowed on the stately room.

" But you had the pearls ? "

The gentle question momentarily discomposed the man, but then seemed to give him confidence. The pearls, it seemed, had vanished. Olsen, he felt sure, had stolen them and hidden them. He had searched everywhere.

" That 's how I came to know about Harry—and you," he said.

" Ah ! You did think it possible that my son was the thief ? "

" Possible—well, maybe. You 'll understand, I was desperate."

" Yes, of course. Partners gone, pearls gone. And the police——"

Jenkins grinned. It was nice to know that he could not be seen.

" The police were quite satisfied. Olsen's death—an accident, they saw at once ; and they reckoned Harry must have got panicky. Naturally, I played 'em along——"

" And said nothing about the pearls ? "

" No, sir. Didn't want to put ideas in their heads. Well, sir, you see how it is. When I found out about Harry—and you—I said to myself that I must come and tell you. I could just about raise the passage money—working it where I could——"

" How much do you expect—money, I mean—from me ? "

Mr. Jenkins tried to sound aggrieved.

" I don't like you to put it like that, Sir Henry. I admit that if you *could* help—you 're a rich man——"

He babbled on, rather incoherently, but with growing confidence.

" Purvis ! " the old man called sharply.

" Here——! " Jenkins began, suddenly angry and suspicious.

" Purvis knows where I keep my cheque-book," said the old man, mildly ; and Jenkins beamed and apologised, while Purvis returned and at a word from his master opened a drawer in the big mahogany bureau.

" But that 's not why I want him," the other went on. " I want him to be here while I ask you a question, Mr. Jenkins. No, be silent. This is it. You say that there was no blood, no open wound on Olsen's head ; you say that you put his body so that the police should think that the edge of the chest, not the blade of the paddle, had been—the weapon. How did *you* know, Mr. Jenkins, that Olsen had been killed by a thin-edged weapon like that ? "

" I—why——"

" You see, Mr. Jenkins ? There 's only one way in which you could know—because it was you, not my son, who delivered the blow. After you had shot my son, Mr. Jenkins——"

Mr. Jenkins, purple-faced, heaved his bulk out of the chair.

" Stop it ! " Purvis ordered sharply. He levelled the revolver which he had taken out of the drawer.

" Purvis is an ex-Marine, Mr. Jenkins," said the old man. It was extraordinary how he controlled his voice in all circumstances.

THE END.

Coronation Debutantes

Anthony Roger

Miss Lucy and Miss Susan Babington Smith

They are the third and fourth of the late Sir Henry Babington Smith and Lady Elisabeth Smith's five daughters, are coming out together this season and will be presented by their eldest sister, Mrs. Charles de Bunsen. Their mother, who lives at Sturdee House, Weybridge, is the late Lord Elgin's daughter and sister of the present Earl

Bassano

Miss Mary Asquith

April Mary Asquith, eldest of the Hon. Arthur and the Hon. Mrs. Asquith's four girls, will be presented by her mother. Mrs. Asquith is the late Lord Manners' daughter and a niece of the late Mrs. Christine Hamlyn, of Clovelly Court, Devon, whom she has succeeded as "mistress of Clovelly." Mary Asquith is eighteen this year

Navana

The Hon. Valerie Mansfield

Valerie Mansfield is eighteen—she has her birthday on Christmas Day — and is Lord and Lady Sandhurst's only daughter. Her mother is to present her, probably at the second Court, and is giving a dance for her at the Savoy on July 7th

Right: Susan North, who has the charming second name of Silence, is Lord North's youngest grandchild—the daughter of the late Hon. Dudley North and Mrs. North. Her brother is now heir to the barony—he is a midshipman

Anthony Roger

Miss Susan North

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

From Arizona to Peking: By Alan Thomas

TIME: getting on for midnight. Place: a hastily furnished hut in Arizona—a stove, some book-shelves, and clouds of tobacco-smoke. In the heart of the smoke is discovered a man, engaged apparently in gathering up papers—notes, manuscripts, old letters—glancing over them and then stuffing them into the fire. The shape and features of the man are familiar. Even through the smoke we know at once that we are looking at Mr. J. B. Priestley—clearing his hut and his mind. The former operation took about twenty minutes: the latter occupies some three hundred pages of a book called *Midnight on the Desert. A Chapter of Autobiography.* (Heinemann; 8*s.* 6*d.*) If this volume were a box of chocolates, it might be labelled: "Rich Assorted: Hard Centres." For in the course of his wanderings over America the hundred and one things he talks about are solid things—politics, economics, individualism, education, novel-writing, philosophy. Yet, so much is he master of what he calls his "professional trick of rather easy and pleasant exposition" that the thorniest of subjects seems as clay in the potter's hands.

I doubt if anyone can convey quite the same impression of talking so much robustious common-sense as Mr. Priestley—except, perhaps, Mr. Baldwin; and even here I think Mr. Priestley would win on points. For Mr. Baldwin would hardly concern himself with a classless society. But Mr. Priestley does—only not on the Russian model. "I prefer," he says, "a classless society in which you are Smoky and he is Hank and I am Jack, to one in which we are all official comrades. I would rather be Mr. Priestley first, then Jack afterwards, than Comrade Priestley all the time. In fact, I don't want to be Comrade Priestley at all."

I thoroughly enjoyed *Midnight on the Desert*, and not least the chapters in which he discusses some ideas he has on human immortality. Mr. Priestley claims that he is not by nature observant. All the same I—even I, a reviewer—shall be disappointed if there are no books in the next world: for there is no man's description of Heaven that I should prefer to read than Mr. Priestley's.

"THE FLIGHT OF AN EMPRESS" (Faber and Faber; 8*s.* 6*d.*) can be commended on three grounds: for its historical interest, for the intrinsic interest of the story, and, most of all, for the delightful picture it presents of its author, Wu Yung. At the time of the Boxer troubles, Wu Yung—who is now a man of seventy living in Peking—was district-magistrate of the town of Huai-lai. The first part of the book gives what the newspapers would call "the inside story" of the Boxer rising, told by one who disapproved of the movement and was determined at whatever cost to uphold the authority of his office. Courage of this order was something more than commendable at a time when those who did not jump to the Boxer word of command were liable to be "chopped to the consistency of a flour sauce." The second part of the book tells of the flight from Peking of the Empress Dowager and the Emperor and their Court. They left in a hurry and made for Huai-lai, where Wu's loyalty and resourcefulness in providing for their needs—down to boiled eggs and his mother's cast-off garments—won him a place at Court and the affectionate regard of the Empress Dowager. But the intriguing Court officials grew jealous of him, and when the Empress returned to Peking, instead of going with her, Wu retired into obscurity. "Yours," as a friend said to him, "was a hot position, but you have made it a cold one."

The Flight of an Empress is a genuine, breathing story, told with such simple dignity and charm that it can hardly fail to please even the most blasé reader.

ANOTHER book with a Far-Eastern setting is Mr. Eric Linklater's *Juan in China* (Jonathan Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*). It begins with an End-Piece in which Juan and his Chinese lady friend, Kuo Kuo, meet in a Nudist Colony on the coast of California, and together set out for China. The time of their arrival at Shanghai coincides with the Japanese attack on its suburbs: and while Kuo busies herself with the defence of her country, Juan pursues his amorous adventures to the obligato of a Japanese bombardment. A good deal of the earlier part of the book is a mixture of Rabelaisian satire and American wise-crackery; and it occurred to me more than once that wise-cracks which would set the room in a roar at a cocktail-party, reduced to cold print appear a little thin. Towards the end the pace quickens, and the high-spot of satirical humour is reached when swarms of coolies are induced to go over the top, not with the primary object of attacking the enemy, but in pursuit of paper money tossed into the air by Juan and carried by the breeze towards the Japanese lines. And the notes were worthless at that. *Juan in China* is a droll fantasy wherein ways that are dark and tricks that are vain are not always peculiar to the heathen Chinee. But the book was a little disappointing—perhaps because one expected too much.

"ONE LIFE, ONE KOPECK," by Walter Duranty (Hamish Hamilton; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a novel of the Russian Revolution—before, during, and immediately after. The picture that Mr. Duranty (well known as Moscow correspondent of the *New York Times*) gives us of the origins, hatreds, cruelties and ideals of the 1917 upheaval is horribly authentic. The hero is a peasant, born in the squalor of serfdom; as the drama unfolds we see him first as a hunted criminal, then as a revolutionary leader, and finally as a lover faced with the grim choice of being loyal either to his love or to his class. With Mr. Duranty's fast-moving style, the book emerges not only as an exciting thriller, but also as a reminder—if we need one—of the horrors that may overtake a country torn by the cruellest of all wars, the civil war.

MISS STELLA GIBBONS presents a mixed bag in her volume of short stories, *Roaring Tower* (Longmans; 7*s.* 6*d.*)—fantasy, ghosts, whimsey, low life, high life, and romance. With such a variety of subjects the stories are inevitably unequal in merit, but each is streaked with poetry and that sense of fun which informs all Miss Gibbons' work. Personally, I give top marks to *Saturday Afternoon* in Camden Town. She knows that dreary district from C to N, and gives us the real stuff of Cockney life.

Eric Linklater and Jonathan Cape

Eric Linklater has written a new book about Juan—"Juan in China"—which Jonathan Cape has published; it is reviewed here to-day. Author and publisher were at Foyle's Scottish literary luncheon. Mr. Linklater is a leading and extremely warm supporter of Scottish Nationalism

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Alexander

There is something gay and spring-like about this tailored suit from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. The tweed coat is a mixture of vivid colours with green, red and yellow as the predominating shades. It is short and close-fitting with square shoulders and high revers. The plain skirt cut with a box pleat at the back is made in a dark green wool fabric, and the price of the whole suit is only 6½ guineas. Incidentally, people who are superstitious about green can have it in either blue or brown. The idea of combining a dark skirt with a coloured coat is one which prevails largely in many of the spring collections. A new shade known as Coronation gold, a mixture between maize and honey, is very effective with black or dark nigger, while various types of red combine well with Air Force blue

Be Gay for the Rising Sun

Sightseeing in the ordinary way is a very tiring occupation, but when it is done in a leisured manner over breakfast or resting before dinner, it becomes a very enjoyable pastime. The latest guide to London is to be found in the pyjamas pictured above from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. They are made of satin printed with miniature views of Tower Bridge, Admiralty Arch, and many other famous buildings. Cut on simple lines with loose-fitting trousers and a plain top, they cost 39s. 6d., which is also the price of the accompanying house coat. The latter is cut with a generous wrap and becoming puff sleeves

For those who prefer a more conventional design, there is the carnival set on the right, also from Marshall and Snelgrove, consisting of pyjamas and long coat in gaily printed crêpe. The wrap is man-tailored and costs 30s., while the pyjamas are the same price and perfectly plain with a high neck. A delightfully warm dressing-gown for colder days is carried out in black and white shepherd's plaid with black velveteen collar, cuffs and belt. It is severely tailored with square shoulders, and only costs a pound, which sounds too good to be true. This firm is also showing lovely heavy satin nightgowns for the same price, trimmed with écru lace

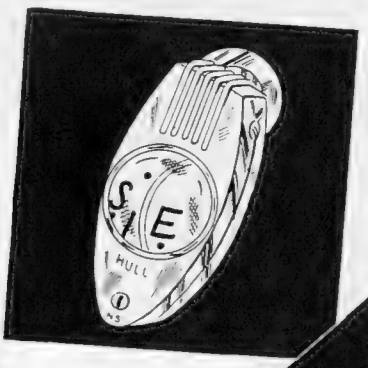
Alexander

THE BYSTANDER TWINS IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES

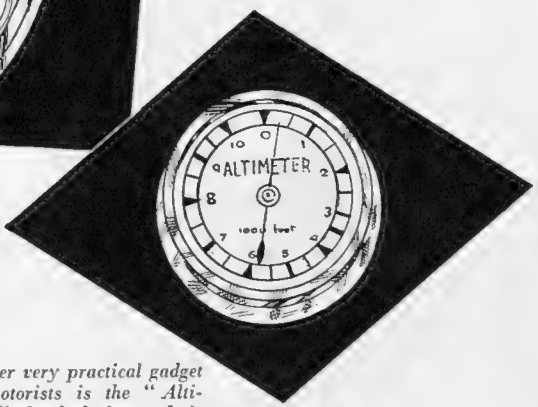
discovered by peta, pictured by jean

An everlasting pocket torch which needs no refill is a great standby on a dark night when the car breaks down. The Theo-Pygmy lamp is worked by a small dynamo and hand-lever. It only costs 18s. 6d., and comes from Clements, 125, Regent Street

To be a really proficient driver it is essential to know something about the inside workings of a car, and a comprehensive tool set is a distinct help when changing a wheel. The one sketched contains everything from a hammer to a metal file, each tool being interchangeable with the handle supplied. It costs a guinea and may be seen at Clements

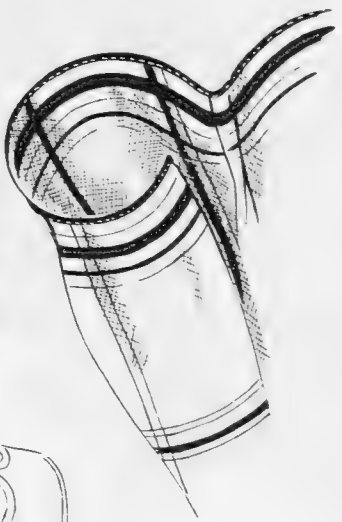


The new "Streamline" auto compass is invaluable when driving along a strange road in dense fog, as it provides a reliable guide by which to "steer." It only costs a guinea at Meyrowitz, 157, Regent Street, and is easily attached to either windscreen or dash-board

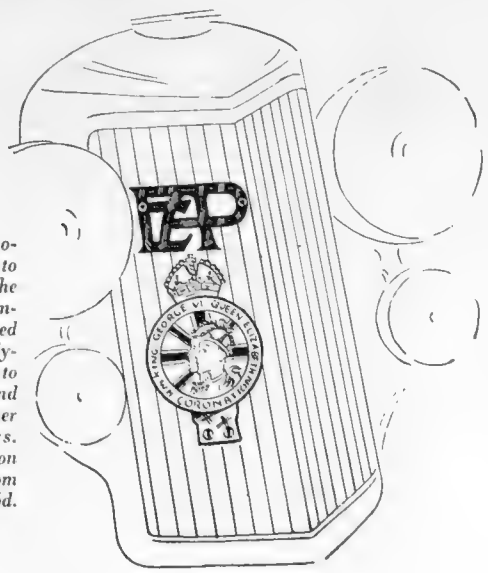


Another very practical gadget for motorists is the "Altimeter" sketched above. It is particularly useful when touring mountainous districts, as it registers up to a thousand feet. The price is 30s., and it comes from Meyrowitz

The object above is not, as might be imagined, a hot-water bottle, but an outsize glove for cleaning the car. It is made of thick wool with a leather cuff, costs 6s., and is to be found in the motor accessories department at Selfridge's, Oxford Street. Incidentally, it keeps the hands dry and will stand any amount of washing



A rug is essential when motoring, and when it clips round the waist there is less risk of it getting in the way of the gears. This one is made of pure Scotch wool, light and yet warm, with a bold check design, and costs 28s. 6d. at Selfridge's. Others in a cheaper quality are available from 10s. 6d



The fashion for monograms is extending to cars, which now have the owner's initials in chromium-plated brass engraved on some part of the body-work. These are cut to order by Selfridge's, and cost a guinea for either two or three letters. The Coronation mascot on the right also comes from this firm, and costs 3s. 6d.

Howard Marshall on Rugger

Virtues of the Service Matches

The Navy drew with the Air Force

A penalty goal for the R.A.F. and a try for the R.N. was the result of their unconvincing but exciting game at Twickenham, when lost chances played a bigger part than taken ones. In the picture the Navy scrum-half, Sub-Lieut. E. B. Talbot (H.M.S. Dolphin) has got the ball out as he is tackled by his opposite, Pilot Officer G. R. Shepley (Old Sarum)

It rather looks as if the Army will scoop the Services' pool again this year, though appearances are deceptive in Services football. And I don't wish to be prejudiced about it, though I did sit in a bitter wind the other day and watch the Navy and the Air Force mauling one another most indecisively.

These Services matches have their virtues. You will not see finer tackling anywhere, and the general all-in heartiness is unsurpassed. And heartiness is a virtue right enough. Rugby football, after all, owes its existence to the rough houses of the Tom Brown's schooldays' era. So I never regret a match in which the forwards have lambasted one another properly, even if finesse is lacking here and there.

I doubt whether you would expect finesse from the Services. Quite definitely you should not expect it from the Navy or the Air Force this year, despite the machinations of such wily individuals as G. A. Walker and W. Elliot. Oddly enough, the brutal and licentious soldiery—a quotation, I hasten to add—are the only ones likely to play first-class attacking football.

The Army, indeed, have a pretty useful team. Their forwards are sufficiently tough, and lively into the bargain, with C. O'N. Wallis, of Ireland, to lead them. Wallis is that rare bird, a natural forward leader, capable of extracting the extra ounce from already-willing men. And he has in his pack such useful performers as C. L. Melville and W. M. Inglis, of Scotland, H. J. Sayers, of Ireland, A. Boast and C. R. Owen.

Forward, mind you, the Army may expect a packet of trouble, for the Navy and the Air Force both have highly efficient strong-arm squads. Even so, we may expect the Army scrummagers to hold their own, and then the backs come into action.

G. J. Dean and F. J. Reynolds are a rattling good pair of half-backs. Reynolds seems to be heading for an England cap, and Dean is exceptionally quick at scrum-half. Reynolds does straighten the attack and draw his man and make it possible for his centres to do more than bunch and run across and kick despairingly. And the Army centres, R. Leyland and J. Harrison, are pretty useful players. Then there is E. J. Unwin, on the wing, and S. I. Howard-Jones at full-back to complete a really formidable back division.

Life is uncertain, and both the Air Force and the Navy are capable of neutralising superior back play by intensive following-up and tremendous tackling and covering, but even so, the odds on the Army would seem very heavy.

And now to more general topics. When this appears Ireland and Scotland will have fought it out in Dublin, and some of us may have watched an interesting experiment. Leicester and Northampton are apparently tired of destructive back-row forwards. They are therefore trying out a rule of their own—that no member of the side which does not secure the ball may advance beyond the middle of the scrummage before the ball is actually heeled. The intention is sound, and such a rule has many advocates.

It may, by the time you read these notes, have proved an immense success. Personally, I dislike it. It gives the scrum-half more time, and the probabilities are that he will take it. He will not hurry his pass, and the split second will be wasted, and the defence will be closed, and we shall be faced with stalemate once more.

It will not curb the worst type of back-row pest—the fellow who breaks up as soon as the ball is lost, and positions himself in readiness to harass the opposing stand-off half. It will merely simplify the scrum-half's job, and I submit that the scrum-half needs to be harried if he is to have the utmost incentive to speed in passing.

We do not need new laws. We need better scrummaging, quicker heeling, and faster and more accurate passing from the scrum. And this means eight men in each pack shoving their hearts out, which in its turn automatically does away with spoiling by the back-row forward.

This scrummaging, incidentally, is not so simple a matter as some good people imagine. In the Navy and Air Force match both packs shoved heroically, but the ball merely trickled slowly out. The trouble was ragged packing, a huddle rather than a scrummage. The forwards did not bind tight enough, and their footwork was clumsy.

If you have ever packed in the second row you will appreciate the fact that it requires a certain nimbleness and vigilance to keep your feet out of the way of the ball after your hooker has swept it back. To combine shoving with expert placing of the feet is not altogether easy. There are some forwards who will always be clumsy. They have leaden feet. They drive the unfortunate hooker crazy.

Scrummaging needs thought, application and practice. Unfortunately, a generation has arisen which imagines that it merely requires brute strength, and not too much of that. Still, the mere fact that Leicester and Northampton are trying their experiments suggests that we are learning our lessons, and that is surely something.

London Scottish Beat Bristol by Ten points to Nothing

A tough game at Richmond added another success to the London Scots' remarkable run this season, when they beat Bristol 10—0. On both sides the forwards earned the laurels, the lighter Bristol pack standing up well to an unequal fight. London Scots scored their two goals in the first half and lack of attack in both back lines left the score at that. Physiognomical note: all the men but two in this picture have their mouths open

"From My Bedroom Window": A London Silhouette by Norman Parkinson

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Which Rule is Continually Broken?

THE English Golf Union, which some time ago decided that competitors in the English Golf Union County Championship should play in lots of three, has ruled that the player whose ball on the green is nearest the hole shall hole out first. This is an excellent decision, which will not only make play less slow, but will also obviate the necessity of continually marking balls which are in the way of the striker.

Some people apparently disapprove of this decision, because a rule of the game has been altered, but I do not think that their argument holds very much water, as the alteration will not affect play except in very isolated instances.

That is to say, the player nearer the hole, seeing his opponent putt first, may very occasionally learn something to his advantage about the green.

It was for this reason that I suggested on this page a few weeks ago that the player who is on the green and farthest from the hole should hole out before the others play. Also, this suggestion complies more with the Rules of Golf than the decision of the English Golf Union, but, on the other hand, its decision has the advantage of eliminating entirely the marking of balls.

When the present code of rules was drawn up, I do not think that the Rules of Golf Committee considered for a moment that it was likely that players in a stroke competition would be sent out in lots of three.

I WONDER if those who are opposed to this alteration have ever discovered that one rule of golf is broken continually. It was unwittingly broken last year not only in club competitions and friendly games, but also in the Walker Cup match, the Curtis Cup match, the international matches at Prestwick, the Halford Hewitt Cup, the Worplesdon Foursomes, etc., but, strange to relate, it was not broken in the BYSTANDER £500 Trophy Meeting, or in the ladies' international matches at Southport. Even Miss Helme allowed this rule to be broken in some of the competitions which she organised. Unless there is a change in the rules, it will, as sure as fate, be broken in many of the important events of this year, including the Ryder Cup match.

The penalty for breaking this rule in match play is loss of the hole, and in stroke play two strokes. To give you a chance of looking through the rules and discovering for yourself the one which is broken continually and blatantly, I will not disclose which it is until next week.

Before the present code of rules came into force in January 1934, another rule was broken every round by about 70 per cent. of the golfers of the world, including those who played in the Open and Amateur Championships.

THE Joint Advisory Council of the British Golf Unions (what a mouthful!) has decided to recommend clubs which run competitions extending over a period, to make a regulation declaring that, if handicaps are altered during the progress of the competitions, the altered handicaps shall take effect forthwith. The only good point about this is the word "recommend," and I have little doubt that clubs will deal with this matter as they think fit, and take no notice of this recommendation.

Although this regulation is enforced by the Ladies' Golf Union, I have always considered it rather unfair, and likely to lead to trouble. When a golfer enters a handicap competition, he, or she, does so on certain terms, which surely should be fixed, there is possibly an entrance fee, probably a sweep, and perhaps a selling sweep. If during the competition handicaps are going to be altered, it is very difficult, with fairness, to have a sweep and impossible to hold a selling sweep unless the bidders are willing to buy pigs in pokes.

LET us take the following case. Smith, handicap scratch, plays Jones, handicap one, in the first round, with the result that Jones wins by one hole. Jones, before playing his second round match, wins the monthly medal, and is reduced to scratch. If Smith had met Jones in the second round on level terms, instead of in the first round, giving one stroke, he might very possibly have beaten him. The moral effect of a stroke has a considerable bearing on a golf match; it may not affect play directly, but it most certainly does so indirectly. Suppose Smith has to give Jones his shot at the eighth, a hole of 380 yards; on the tee Smith is very apt to say to himself "Jones is certain to get a four here, so I must get a three to halve the hole." To attempt to get his three Smith runs a risk, fails to bring off the shot, and gets into trouble, and finally takes five for the hole and loses it to a gross four by Jones. On his return to the club house, when relating to his friends how well he has played, Jones says: "Of course, he gave me a stroke at the eighth, but it did not come in, as I won the hole without it." This remark of Jones is quite untrue, as the fact of having to give a stroke must affect Smith's playing of the hole, if he is a sensible man.

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

The entry list is now full but entries can still be accepted for the waiting list. Entry form and conditions on inside of back cover.

Oxford Lost to the Army G.S. by Five Games to Seven at West Hill

T. F. B. Law beat K. N. Fisher (Magdalen) by two and one in the singles; it was these which gave the Army their win, as they had been beaten three games to one in the foursomes

E. S. Scott and Capt. G. A. Moxon played together in the foursomes for the Army against a Christ Church pair, C. F. Grieve and P. G. Foster, to whom they lost by three and two

S. G. Mackenzie and Capt. G. W. Hawkins lost to Fisher and J. C. Lawrie (B.N.C.) in the foursomes, but each won his single. Mackenzie against I. Earle (Univ.), Hawkins against Fisher

1.9a.

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in a mad
moment,
you have "put on"
far more
than
you really should . . .

have you ever noticed
the comforting way
in which
a cigarette
seems
to restore
your
confidence . . .

and
helps you
over
those paralysing
few minutes
before
the
start ?

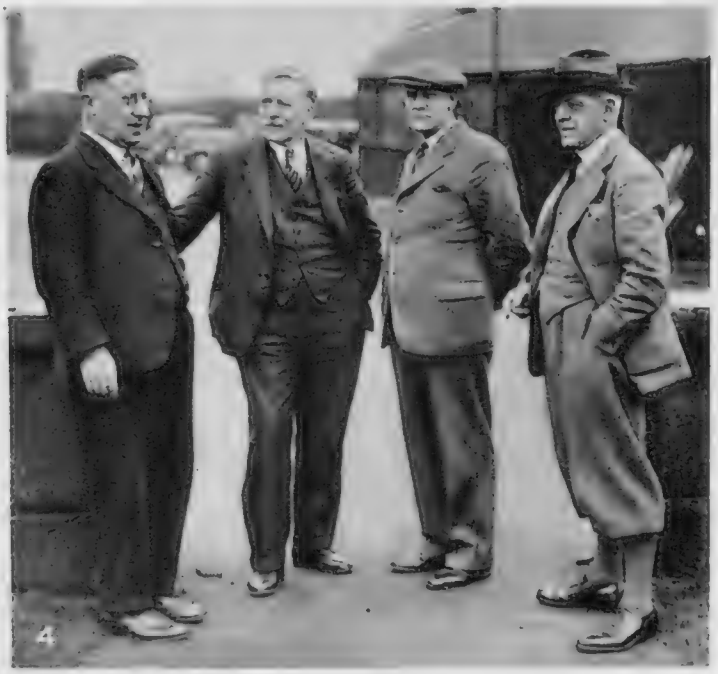
this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

Golf Clubs at Home: Chigwell

This club is a very modern one, having been opened as recently as 1935, when the late Lord Lambourne, Lord Lieutenant of Essex, drove the first ball off. The natural lie of the ground has aided the architects of the course, which is laid out on a wide stretch of undulating country giving pleasant views on to woodland; the presence of London, ten miles off would hardly be guessed. The club-house is commodious and homely and the membership prides itself on sociability; there are annual dinners and dances, and an air of hail-fellow-well-met prevails at these, as at all functions of the club

W. E. Smith (president since foundation)

(1) B. Hodson (professional) and Arthur Austin (captain). (2) W. P. Nairn. (3) F. G. Smith (ex-captain). (4) H. J. Goodwin (vice-captain), J. Sanders, J. M. Hamilton (secretary), J. B. London (ex-captain). (5) B. S. Andrew. (6) John London. (7) J. H. Burton. (8) Cyril Sanders



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H. E. Symons in "The Sketch," 27th January,

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H.P.

The spice of adventure

FROM May onwards wild animal life in the Kruger National Park—the world's largest game reserve—is at its best. To drive with perfect safety through mile after mile of open and forest country, where untamed denizens of the jungle roam at will, is an adventure worth going far to experience.

South Africa spreads countless gems of scenic beauty before her guests. The Victoria Falls—in full water at this season—presents a magnificent spectacle with its millions of gallons plunging ceaselessly down through the smoke of rising spray.

Two or three months, including a delightful fair-weather voyage of 13½ (or 16½) days in each direction, is all the time required for this "adventurous" holiday.

Consult your Travel Agent or write to the Tourist Bureau, South Africa House, London, W.C.2, for descriptive brochures of Southern Africa.

SOUTH AFRICA

M. Plesman, centre, managing director of K.L.M., flew by his own line to Southampton to catch the "Europa" for New York. On the left, Captain Payne, airport manager, and next to him, Captain Spry Leverton, British manager for the Royal Dutch Air Lines

Flights of Fact

By Charles Ward

THE Egyptian sun, palms, the bright colour of the bourganvillia are difficult to visualise under a grey and sodden London sky, but that they are within reach in a day's journey from London was demonstrated by "Caledonia" at the end of last month. It is true that the flight was not a scheduled service—2300 miles non-stop at an average speed of 170—but it indicates the possibilities that are already within reach. The all-air Empire mail will make Egypt in 20 hours regularly, and is due to start with night flying at the end of this year. Another of the Short boats made a rubber-necking tour of Great Britain in daylight, including circuits of the principal cities en route when same were visible through the fog or low clouds. Ireland being an important link in the trans-Atlantic route, a visit was made to the Shannon on Thursday last. The ferry service across the Irish Sea between Dublin and London is enjoying good bookings; from West to East there have been some fast flights during the gales. Best time was 87 minutes for the 300-odd miles with seven passengers. Jersey's airport will be opened on March 10th, and the beach which has got accustomed to Dragons and their big brothers, the Express liners, will revert to type as the playground for starfish and children with spades and buckets. No words of praise are too great for the pilots, whose skill has triumphed without accidents during three years of difficulties, having to land more often than not across wind under the critical gaze of their potential customers, the holiday-makers of the Channel Islands. Portsmouth appears likely to win the competition for the Empire air-base; Langstone Harbour is to be dredged and an airport constructed at a cost of a million and a quarter sterling. In America, the situation is not so happy. No one knows whether New York will be ready to receive the ocean air-liners that are to make the first journeys this year. Boston, Baltimore, and even Charleston, better known for its rhythm, are in the running, though New York is, of course, the obvious terminal. From the States comes news of the first air-line to tackle high-altitude flight for the purpose of gaining time. T.W.A. propose to operate between California and the Eastern seaboard at a height of 20,000 feet, cruising at 240 miles an hour. Thirty-two passenger seats and two tons of cargo on 4800 horse-power. Air-conditioning will maintain the atmosphere in the cabins at sea-level pressure. I am reminded that owner-pilots who wish to fly through the air with the greatest of ease need a Shell Aviation Carnet, which is an Open Sesame at all the best aerodromes. Even the Air Ministry acknowledges its debt to Shell service for I attended a meeting a few weeks ago at which the "official" plans of an Empire airport bore the familiar fan-shaped shell device in the top left-hand corner.

This England . . .

Looking over Chipping Campden, Glos.

WHEN the great meeting of Saxon Kings was held at Chepyng Campedene (or so says Robert de Brunne) it was surely under a sky such as this. More woods there were, and nothing you would call a road, but the gentle hills, the scent of wet soil and the tang of upland air were the same. There is little real change in our England except a slow maturing. And we like that, in our men and our methods, our buildings and our beer. So in Gloucestershire as elsewhere, Worthington is held to be, if not of Saxon origin, at least old enough by a century or so to be esteemed of Englishmen.

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ROVER

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Spring-Time on the Road

By The Earl of Cardigan

For the man who sells cars, and for the man or woman who periodically buys one, there are two really important dates in the calendar. One marks the opening of the Motor Show in October—for it is then that we look at cars, discuss cars and even, in a rather detached way, think about buying some of the newly exhibited models.

The other date of importance is that which marks the approach of spring. It occurs in March, when at last it seems that we have seen the last of the floods and fogs and snow-storms. It is then that we are apt to go beyond the mere consideration of new cars, and may even get out the cheque book and enquire about prices in real earnest.

It is natural that this should be so. Rightly or wrongly—and it always seems to me to be very debatable—the motor manufacturers like to show us in October what they have to offer during the ensuing year. The autumn, however, is not a very natural time for making an important purchase. Bad weather is in the offing, and arduous motoring conditions. One is inclined to feel that the old car must "carry on" until the outlook is a little more encouraging.

In the spring, we all know how much more readily the new-car idea commends itself. Even I, who spend such a large part of my time driving about in all sorts of new cars for other people's information, am not immune, at this season of the year, from the urge to go out and buy something new for myself. As a matter of fact, I have just at this moment given way to the temptation to do so!

Although, in my own case, the old car could certainly have continued to give me useful service for some time longer, I am sure that there are many reasons why I shall not regret having taken the plunge at this particular time. In the first place, I shall have a perfectly run-in car—just in its prime after perhaps 1000 miles of running—when summer begins to come along.

It is true that nowadays one uses a car continually, and at all seasons. At the same time, the majority of pleasure trips still seem to belong to the summer months, and most of the specially long runs as well. It is, therefore, in the summer that a new—but not a brand-new—car is capable of giving the greatest possible amount of satisfaction.

Again, when one makes the original purchase in the spring, it can truly be said that the serious problem of choosing the right car has been reduced to its simplest possible terms. With very few exceptions, the various models for the current season have been on the market for several months. One has had time to compare one with another, and—quite an important point—to see how the early deliveries look when actually on the road. One's personal reactions have had a little time to crystallise.

Then, when the choice is made, the new car can in nearly every case be licensed and driven straight away. This is because, by now, it is in full production at the factory, and various little defects, which may have cropped up and had to be dealt with in the early days, have long since been weeded out. No firm, except by a miracle of organisation, can produce a continuous, uninterrupted stream of new cars right from the word "go."

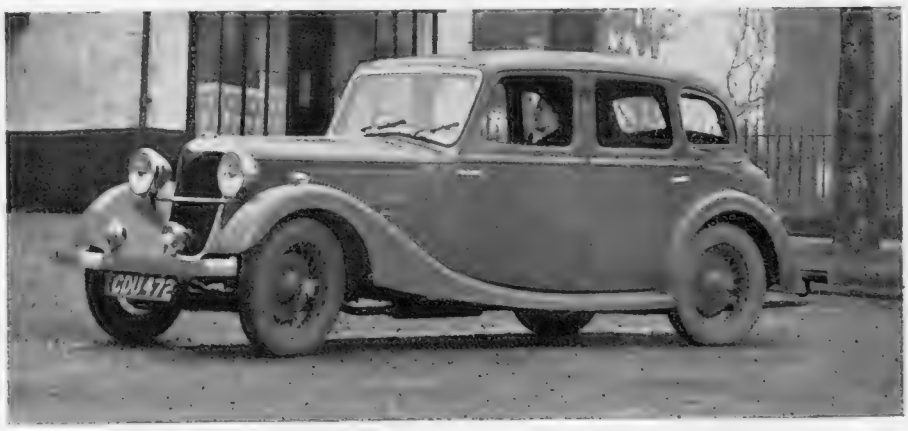
It may be argued that, when one sees a new car at the Show in October, one *ought* to be able to pay down one's money and obtain a precise replica of it to drive away in. In some cases, this is indeed possible; but experience shows that more often there is some measure of delay. In extreme cases, deliveries may remain behind-hand for a number of months, and not catch up with orders until well into the New Year.

Yet another reason for giving an order in the spring is that the running-in process can be tackled far better at a time when the weather is becoming more favourable. In winter, one is perpetually in a hurry. It is too cold to loiter: the thing is to "get there" with as little delay as possible. The idea of doing some hundreds of miles at reduced speed is exceedingly unwelcome.

I suppose that, at any time, it is really rather aggravating to have a fast car at one's command (for we can assume that the new car will be faster than the old), and not to be able to enjoy the full speed that is available. One can only say that, from now on, such enforced loitering becomes more easily bearable.

In this connection, the French have a good idea. So as to avoid being looked at pityingly while being continually overtaken, a French driver will often paste a label on to the back of his car, with the inscription, "Running-in" (I forget the French equivalent). This, no doubt, has a valuable effect in enabling him to preserve his self-esteem, and serves to dispel the notion that he may be a natural sluggard!

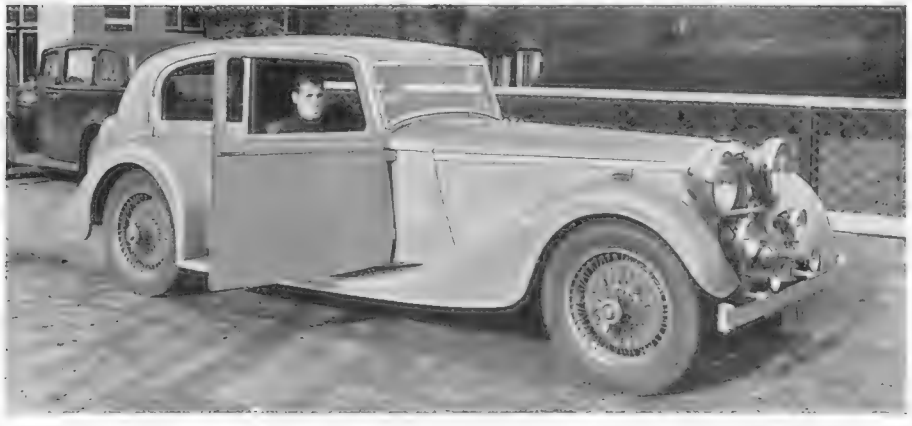
Armstrong-Siddeley: *A full-sized family car which is economical to run should prove a popular introduction to this firm's 1937 programme; it is the 17-h.p., six light saloon*



Riley: *The Adelphi saloon has made itself famous already as "a car with a view"; the 1937 model is improved in detail and retains its forbears' best qualities*

Rover: *This is a new model for the new season, a six-cylinder sports saloon which does its very efficient road-work unobtrusively*

Wolseley: *This new coach-built Salon de Ville, rated at 18/80 h.p., is a full-size saloon capable of a sustained performance and incorporating numerous technical improvements*



Alvis: *This is the 4·3-litre model, one of the fastest and smartest cars on the road; the man inside is Len Harvey*

Ford V-8: *Note the distinctive radiator grille, divided windscreen and recessed head-lamps in this cabriolet—an ideal all-weather model*

Lagonda: *A marque with a big reputation to keep up for appearance and performance; the 4½-litre open tourer is shown here*

ONE final reason why the spring is rightly considered a good time for buying: road conditions for the next few months should be exceptionally favourable to the driver who is just getting acquainted with his new car. The "skiddy" surfaces which occur in winter are not likely now to be met with, nor are the crowds of vehicles which make the roads congested in the height of summer. It is a good time for establishing "confidential" relations between car and driver.

A Survey of the New Cars

WHEN one remembers that there are now far fewer firms manufacturing motor-cars than there used to be—many of the smaller companies having failed and dropped out—it would seem that it should be an increasingly simple matter to make up a list of the various models from which the motorist can be advised to choose when selecting a new car for himself.

Actually, being always limited as to space, I find that it remains as difficult as ever. There is practically not such a thing nowadays as a bad car which can be left out of one's calculations. All the existing types are good in their several ways: most of them are reasonable in price.

The best that I can hope to do, without writing a veritable encyclopædia, is to indicate a few cars which are of such a quality that they positively must be considered by the intending purchaser. I can only say, in effect, "Have a good look at the others by all means; but be sure that you do not omit to examine these."

IN the luxury class there is a good example of what I mean. Here are plenty of large cars, and quite a few which are of the very highest quality. There is no lack of choice—but it would be clearly ludicrous to consider writing a four-figure cheque without first having studied the 1937 Rolls Royces.

Representing the extreme of luxury is the "Phantom III." Rolls Royce, which also, be it noted, is one of the fastest conventional cars on the road. The engine has twelve cylinders in "V" formation, and is rated at approximately 50 h.p. Independent front springing is an important new feature.

There are two smaller Rolls Royces, both of which have the six-cylinder type of engine, rated respectively at about 25 and 30 h.p. Prices range from £1555 up to £2600 or more. The latter figure may seem enormous to ordinary folk; but it represents the cost of the "Phantom III." Pullman Limousine, than which a more magnificent car can hardly be imagined.

FOR exceptional speed luxuriously developed, the Lagonda programme ought to be consulted. I am not yet in a position to give details; but it is common knowledge that a twelve-cylinder Lagonda is being produced, and this should be a wonderful proposition. Of the more familiar six-cylinder Lagondas, there are several models which carry coachwork of spacious and very comfortable type.

For the enthusiast, there can hardly be a finer car than the Lagonda "Rapide." It is a joy to ride, and is one of the very few nicely behaved cars which will honestly exceed 100 m.p.h. Incidentally, for a car of such quality, the "Rapide" is really very moderate in price, being listed at 1000 guineas (£1050).

ONE cannot think of sports cars without remembering the Bentley, and recalling how the new Bentley, with its extreme silence and smoothness, made motoring history on its introduction a few years ago. There are now two Bentley models available, both of which combine these luxurious features with very impressive road performances.

The 3½-litre Bentley remains as popular as ever, and is listed, in saloon form, at

(Continued on page 372)

THERE is a solidity of construction about the "Hawk" that will instantly appeal to you . . . A safe feel at the wheel as the speedometer leaps up . . . as you swing lightly round corners clinging easily and surely to your right side of the road. A "comfort" feel whether you are taking things easily or notching a mile a minute even over bad roads . . . **the greatest advance in riding comfort and safety ever made.**

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M.G.: men in M.G.'s always seem to smile; perhaps because the car is easy to drive, easy to look at, economical to run and very lively in performance. The 1937 model is even more so

Spring-Time on the Road *(Continued from page 370)*

£1460. To give a still finer performance, especially in the matter of additional acceleration, there is the more recent 4½-litre model. This costs, in all instances, just about £50 more. Thus the saloon, on this latter chassis, is priced at £1510.

FOR the smaller type of sports car, the M.G. Company is famous. There has probably never been a more successful small sports car than the M.G. "Midget." It should be noted that the 1937 "Midget" has grown up into a 10-h.p. car, while retaining all its former sporting characteristics. The two-seater model (and blessed are they who refrain from squeezing four-seater coachwork on to a short chassis!) is listed at £222.

There is also a 1½-litre (12-h.p.) M.G., and a 2-litre (18-h.p.) car. The last-named is of really comfortable size and, although uncommonly fast, can more than hold its own as regards luxury features. In saloon form, the "2-litre" should be popular at £389

SOME remarkable sports models are being produced nowadays by S.S. Cars, Ltd.—in particular, the new "Jaguar" series. Here we have cars which, in the first place, are exceptionally attractive in appearance. Secondly, they have a performance which entitles them to very real respect, besides being, for the owner-driver, most agreeable to handle.

Finally, prices are remarkably reasonable. The 1½-litre "Jaguar" saloon costs only £295, while the much larger 2½-litre saloon is equally good value at £385. For an extra £10, a special Competition model is also available.

FOR cars of all-round distinction, the Armstrong-Siddeley programme for 1937 is an important one. In the realm of high-powered sports cars, there is the Siddeley Special, the performance of which is decidedly striking. Then there is the 25-h.p. model, which is designed primarily to take coachwork of the most luxurious variety. A very successful example is the Limousine at £745.

Then there are two smaller six-cylinder cars of 17 and 14-h.p. Like all Armstrong-Siddeleys, these have efficient overhead-valve engines and four-speed pre-selective gear-boxes. A new addition to this trouble-free mechanism is that an automatic form of ribbon clutch is now used, enabling a car to move off in any gear without the possibility of the engine being stalled. Prices range from £320 upwards.

(Continued on page ii)

***Hillman:** The Minx of this marque, launched so brilliantly a year or two ago, still leads the way as a light but roomy all-purpose car*

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Austin: *the baby of the species is well known as a small car with a big heart; this year's model incorporates numerous technical improvements*

Vauxhall: *you have again a choice between a 12- or 14-h.p. rated engine with this handsome de luxe saloon; note the new grille and head-lamps*

Spring-Time on the Road

(Continued from page 372)

Of course, if one wants a really immense choice of attractive models, the Austin range is one that must command attention. The famous "Baby" Austin, of 7·8-h.p., now appears in an improved form, with the well-equipped "Ruby" saloon selling at £125. There is also a "Ten" (saloon £178), and a "Twelve" (saloon £210). Every variety of coachwork is available: it is only for convenience that I quote prices in terms of the saloon models.

Coming to the Austin "Sixes," there is the popular "Twelve-Six" which is rated at 16-h.p. There is the "Fourteen" and the "Eighteen"—the latter being a really large car which can take any sort of coachwork. Finally, for real luxury and power, there is the Austin "Twenty" of 24-h.p. On this chassis, the Limousine at £650 is a remarkably good proposition.

For cars of ample power, moderately priced, the Wolseley programme for 1937 is a notable one. There is a big six-cylinder model of 25-h.p., which gives a truly impressive performance, and can carry with ease full seven-seater coachwork. The 16- and 21-h.p. Wolseleys are big cars also, having overhead-valve engines and four-speed gear-boxes.

There is a new 14-h.p. model, priced at £265 in saloon form, which should prove very attractive. Then there is a "Twelve" at £225, and a "Ten" at £220. Even these smaller cars are really notable performers.

The latest Riley models are always worth studying—for these are cars which are unusual and distinctive. High-speed engines, pre-selective gear-boxes and automatic clutches—these, with exceptionally graceful coachwork styles, are their leading characteristics.

The Riley "Nine"—an old favourite—reappears this year in a new and improved form. Then there is the 1½-litre (12-h.p.) model, with "Falcon" saloon coachwork, listed at £315. A very luxurious type is the 15-h.p. "Six," which sells in two styles at £380. Finally, there is a new eight-cylinder model at £450 which, although not yet widely known, is creating a great deal of interest.

Talking of distinctive cars, we must on no account forget the Alvis—a car which has always had a regular following of its own. There is a 17-h.p. Alvis at £545, and then we come to the "Crested Eagle," which is a big car of 20-h.p., capable of carrying limousine coachwork.

A very fine and fast car is the new "Speed Twenty-five," which can be regarded as really good value at £850. There is also a standard 25-h.p. model, intended to carry larger and more luxurious coachwork styles.

(Concluded on page iv)

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the tyres that have the road in their GRIP

Spring-Time on the Road

(*Continued from page* ii)

Finally, there is a 4.3-litre Alvis (31-h.p.), which may be expected to have an exceptional performance. In saloon form it is listed at £995.

ROVER cars certainly deserve inclusion in any list such as this. A Rover is in many ways distinctive—and not least on account of its attractive lines. As regards ease of handling, all current models have a type of gear-box which is in itself remarkably free from difficulty, and this is assisted by a controllable free-wheel.

There is a 10-h.p. Rover at £248, and a 12-h.p. model at £285. Then there is a "Fourteen"—a popular type at the moment—at £305, and a 16-h.p. car at £345. Finally, at £415, there is a Speed Model which gives a high performance with a 20-h.p. engine.

THE range of Hillman cars is always worth studying. This year, as usual, the 10-h.p. Hillman "Minx" continues to be widely popular at prices from £163. Then there is the 16-h.p. model—a "Six"—at £295, and the 21-h.p. "Hawk" which sells at prices from £375.

The bigger Hillmans have the excellent "Evenkeel" form of independent front-wheel springing. The high power of the "Hawk" gives it the ability to carry big loads with notable efficiency. Advantage is taken of this to produce a very remarkable model—the "Hawk" limousine at £395. Fitted with luxurious seven-seater coachwork, this represents outstanding value at £395.

IN the Vauxhall programme, there is much that is of interest. There is a new 25-h.p. car which is an exceptionally good performer, and which also represents uncommon value for money. The normal saloon costs only £298. On the long-wheelbase chassis, coachwork of the limousine type is also available.

In addition to this new big Vauxhall, there is the well-known "Light Six" model. This is available with two alternative engines. In its 12-h.p. form, the saloon at £195 is remarkably attractive, while with the 14-h.p. engine, the Saloon de Luxe is a first-rate proposition at £215.

SOME notable cars are included in the Talbot programme for 1937. There is a Talbot "Ten" at £248 which has a fine turn of speed for a car of such relatively modest power. Then there are two well-established models, the "75" and the "105," which sell at prices varying between £425 and £595.

A very attractive car is the "105" Speed Model. This is listed separately, and is designed especially for the sporting type of owner. Finally there is the 3½-litre Talbot, which has a chassis able to make light of any variety of coachwork. For example, it may be obtained in luxurious limousine form at £795.

NO list is complete which does not include the British-built Ford. There are indeed two separate respects in which the Ford Motor Company has something outstanding to offer. In the realm of cheap cars, where is there better value than the 8-h.p. Ford saloon at exactly £100? The 10-h.p. car at £135 is pretty good; but the £100-worth offered by the 8-h.p. model may be considered almost phenomenal.

Then there are the "V-8" types, which are known for their remarkable powers of acceleration. There is a new 30-h.p. Ford "V-8" which has just been announced, and which should have a great success at prices ranging from £230. Of lower power, but nevertheless a very fine performer, is the 22-h.p. "V-8" (£16 10s. tax). This has proved itself a popular model at £210.

SS. Jaguar: *Ninety miles an hour on a 2½-litre engine is the performance claimed for this smart but not too expensive car—one of the most striking jobs on the road*

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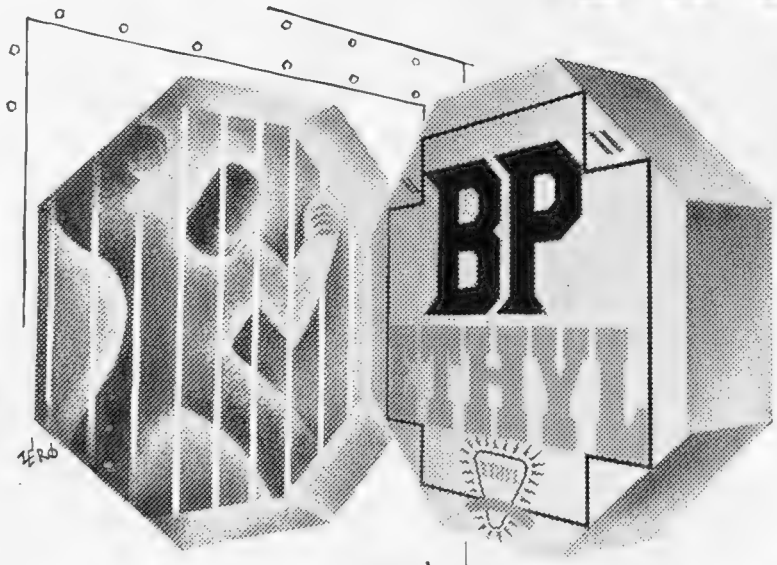

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A New Meeting for an Old

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

No sooner is a privilege withdrawn, than somebody misses it who has been wholly unappreciative so long as it was there. For a number of years it has been the fashion to say that the L.G.U. Spring Meeting at Ranelagh had ceased to fill any useful purpose. Thereupon the L.G.U., very wisely, gave up the holding of their international meeting there. Whereupon, outcry from a number of folk who alleged that no meeting was greater fun. And thereupon, Miss H. V. Smith, of *Fairway and Hazard*, comes to the rescue, and a Ranelagh Open Spring Meeting there will be, shorn of its outgrown International trappings, but doubtless an entirely delightful affair. This year it will cater particularly for the many Overseas golfers who will be in the country; indeed, Miss Smith is going further, and contemplating some sort of golfing society for them, after the manner of the men's Lucifer G.S., which sounds a very pleasing form of Coronation gesture. April 15th is the day chosen, and fuller details will no doubt be found in *Fairway and Hazard's* next number.

As for our own Autumn Foursomes, October 5th to 8th will be their date, and, let me say it now, the entry form is going to start appearing on July 21st, so nobody will be able to say they never saw it!

And while we are talking of entrance forms, Roehampton's Gold Cup open meeting, on March 19th, has to be entered for on a proper one, to be had from the Games Office, Roehampton, and entries close at midnight, Saturday, March 13th. All the low handicaps will be wanting to have a tilt at the holder, Miss Bridget Newell, or to see if a win for them there might be a prelude to a championship medal, as it was for her.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Beeson

Mrs. Beeson now plays for Middlesex instead of Norfolk and did well for their second team against Herts. II. She and her husband beat Pam Barton and Francis Francis at Worplesdon last year

THERE was no space left last week to say much about the way Herts. II. trounced Middlesex II. at Hadley Wood. After all, except to the players, the actual results of a second team match are less important than the sort of promise shown by the players, all of whom are, in theory, on the brink of distinguished careers for the first teams of their counties.

Taken from that point of view, it did not signify nearly so much that Middlesex's only win should have been by Mrs. Jack Beeson, particularly as on handicap it was only reasonable that she should be too strong for Mrs. Peter Chance (Miss Martin Smith). The interesting thing is that Mrs. Beeson has given up her old qualification for Norfolk, and is now a Middlesex member. Without doubt she will be a real added strength to the county; she is an even better golfer now than before, and those who experienced what she and her husband could do to them at Worplesdon will approach her with all due caution.

ANOTHER change-over was a Hertfordshire acquisition, Miss Thornhill, who has figured up till now in Cheshire's second team. She is an attractive hitter of the ball, and evidently can fight, for at Hadley that day she won the last two holes, in 3 and 4 respectively, to get home one up from Miss P. Lamb. The latter is a new player with an L.G.U. handicap of one at Enfield. If it is permitted to criticise anybody who has worked down to so low a figure, one would say that there is rather a stiffness all down the left side, and a lack of energy about the swing. Put those two defects right, and Miss Lamb may

(*Concluded on page* viii)

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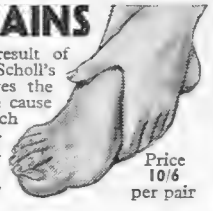

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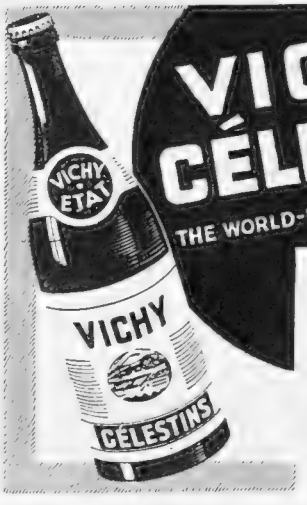

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THE WORLD-RENOWNED NATURAL MINERAL WATER

RHEUMATISM

VICHY-CÉLESTINS is Nature's own antidote for warding off the pains and penalties of *Rheumatism.* Drink it *regularly* at meals, and at any other time. *Obtainable everywhere.*

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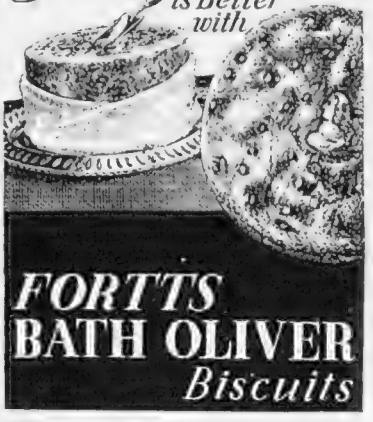
Bangor Wharf, 45, Belvedere Road, London.

good cheese *is better with*



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The Unrivalled Playground of the World

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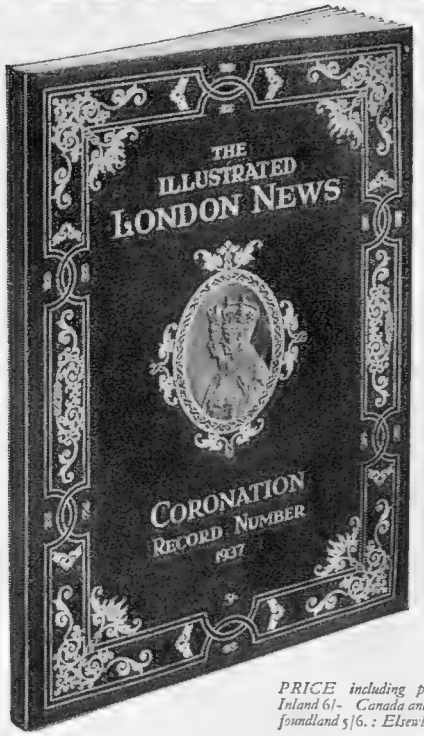
Particulars and tariff from L M S Hotel Services, St. Pancras Chambers, London, N.W.1. *Arthur Towle, Controller.*

Open for Easter.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS Coronation Record Number—On Sale March 4th

PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS

TWENTY-FOUR PLATES IN FULL COLOURS OVER SIX HUNDRED FINE REPRODUCTIONS—SOME IN PHOTOGRAVURE AND GOLD



PRICE including postage: Inland 6/- Canada and Newfoundland 5/6. : Elsewhere 6/6

The Cover of the Coronation Record Number of "The Illustrated London News" is of rich blue, with an attractive leather finish surface with border decoration based upon a rare Canevari binding of 1534 preserved in the British Museum. Many articles in the Record Number will tell its readers everything they want to know about the celebration of the Crowning of our King and Queen. These Articles are fully illustrated with appropriate portraits and other illustrations. ***Here are the titles of the***

MAGNIFICENT COLOUR PLATES

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI. IN CORONATION ROBES
From the Picture by Albert H. Collings, R.B.A., R.I.

THE CORONATION CEREMONY: THE RECOGNITION
From the Painting by Henry C. Brewer, R.I.

THE CORONATION CEREMONY: THE ACT OF CROWNING
From the Painting by Henry C. Brewer, R.I.

THE CORONATION CEREMONY: THE HOMAGE
From the Painting by Henry C. Brewer, R.I.

THE KING'S CORONATION ROBES: The Crimson Robe of State, with the Cap of Maintenance; the Golden Imperial Mantle, with St. Edward's Crown; and the Robe of Purple Velvet with the Imperial State Crown
From the Paintings by Fortunino Matania, R.I.

SCENES OF CORONATIONS AT VARIOUS PERIODS BEFORE AND SINCE EDWARD THE CONFESSOR
From the Paintings by Henry C. Brewer, R.I.

THE CORONATION CHAIR, WITH THE STONE OF SCONE, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: *From a Photograph Specially taken for "The Illustrated London News."*

THE DESCENT OF KING GEORGE VI.: A GENEALOGICAL TABLE OF THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND

SYMBOLS OF BRITISH IMPERIAL POWER: The Crown of England (St. Edward's Crown) Used for the Act of Coronation; the Ampulla and Spoon; the King's Royal Sceptre; and the King's Orb

"HALL-MARKS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND OF BRITISH SOVEREIGNTY": The Imperial State Crown; the Swords; the King's Sceptre with the Dove; the Ring; St. George's Spurs; and the Bracelets

LEGENDS OF THE CORONATION

THE KING'S STATE COACH

CIPRIANI DECORATION ON THE KING'S STATE COACH

A GREAT AUTHORITY FOR THE CROWNING OF A KING: An Illumination in the "Liber Regalis." the Coronation Book in Westminster Abbey.

QUEEN CONSORTS CROWNED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY (A Plate that Includes Mary II., who was Joint Sovereign with William III., as well as Queen Consorts)

KING GEORGE VI.: HIS MAJESTY FROM ONE TO FIFTEEN YEARS OF AGE

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET KING GEORGE VI.

Colour Plates—contd.

THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE TO THE THRONE: H.R.H PRINCESS ELIZABETH: *From the Painting by Philip A. De László, M.V.O., R.B.A., R.S.P.P.*

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH, CONSORT OF KING GEORGE VI., IN CORONATION ROBES *Specially Painted for "The Illustrated London News" Coronation Record Number.*

CAPITALS OF THE EMPIRE: Chief Cities and Seats of Government *From the Paintings by C. E. Turner.*

H.M THE QUEEN WITH PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN 1926
From the Painting by John St. Helier Lander, R.O.I.

THE QUEEN MOTHER: HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY
Detail of the Full-Length Portrait of her Majesty by John St. Helier Lander, R.O.I

PRINCESS ELIZABETH: THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE TO THE THRONE AT DIFFERENT AGES

Some of the other subjects Illustrated in a vivid and entertaining way

THE THRONES AND CHAIRS AND THEIR POSITIONS FOR THE CORONATION CEREMONY.
THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS EVER TAKEN OF A CORONATION.
UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS AT CORONATIONS.
CORONATION MEDALS OF OUR KINGS AND QUEENS.
ROMANCES OF THE REGALIA.
THE EARL MARSHAL, HERALDS, AND OTHER OFFICERS OF ARMS.
CROWNS OF ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.
A GENEALOGICAL TABLE OF H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH.
THE KING'S STATE COACH.
ACCEPTED AUTHORITIES FOR CORONATION CEREMONIES.
THE KING IN CHILDHOOD AND IN BOYHOOD.
THE KING'S SERVICE IN THE ROYAL NAVY.
THE KING (AS A SUB-LIEUTENANT) ON DUTY IN H.M.S COLLINGWOOD.
THE KING'S INTEREST IN SPORT.
THE WEDDING OF THE KING AND QUEEN.
THEIR MAJESTIES' TOURS IN EAST AFRICA, NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA.
THE KING ON ECCLESIASTICAL AND CIVIC OCCASIONS
THE KING ON FAMILY AND PUBLIC OCCASIONS.
THE QUEEN WHEN SHE WAS LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON.
THE QUEEN'S ANCESTRAL SCOTTISH HOME.
THE QUEEN'S INTEREST AND ACTIVITIES.
TOWN AND COUNTRY HOMES OF THE KING & QUEEN
THE ROYAL FAMILY AS DOG-LOVERS.
THE LITTLE PRINCESSES: GAMES AND PASTIMES OF CHILDHOOD.

It is anticipated that there will be a very heavy demand for this Coronation Record Number. In order to be certain of securing your copy it is advisable to place an order now with your regular newsagent.

ON SALE MARCH 4—BUT YOU SHOULD ORDER NOW

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes (15th Year)

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1937, will be held at Birkdale, Lancashire, by kind invitation, April 13th to April 16th. Also N.P.F.A. competition.

Holders : Miss Bridget Newell and Miss Cradock-Hartopp.

HOTELS

The "Bystander" headquarters will be the Smedley Hydro Hotel, Southport.

Special Terms :

14s. 6d. each per day, inclusive of all meals, after dinner coffee, and baths of all description.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play but the Bystander reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Wednesday, March 24th.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play if she notifies Miss Helme of the change in writing. Alteration of handicap should also be notified at once.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before March 22nd should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

The Directors of the Bystander reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points

BIRKDALE — NO ENTRANCE FEE

THE "BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Fifteenth Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Wednesday, March 24th.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Birkdale, on April 13th, 1937, and following days.

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address .....

Telephone number.....

To play in the above handicap foursomes with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address .....

Telephone number .....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address in writing to Miss Helme, as above, or, after April 9th, to Smedley Hydro Hotel, Southport. Telegrams and Telephone : Helme, Southport 67007.

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes N.P.F.A. Competition (6th Year)

Holder of Challenge Trophy : Miss Bonner Davis.

In conjunction with the Bystander Northern Foursomes, a Score Competition, open only to entrants for the Foursomes, and those on the waiting-list, will be held, by the courtesy of the Club, at Birkdale during the Foursomes, for the Challenge Trophy kindly presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill. Half-a-crown entrance for the first card, 1s. for each subsequent card. The whole of these fees will be sent to the N.P.F.A. ; 25% to the Lancashire branch if the total exceeds £10.

The Trophy will be given for the best card, singles, 18 holes under handicap, returned by a competitor who has been beaten prior to the semi-finals, or who entered for the Foursomes and was put on the waiting-list. A scratch prize will also be given.

Competitors may take out and return as many cards as they wish from Tuesday, April 13th, to Friday, April 16th, inclusive. Starting arrangements will be posted at the Club.

Play under certified L.G.U. handicaps. The first card taken out each day counts as an L.G.U. Open Meeting score for reduction of handicap, which will take effect for subsequent rounds, provided the competitor has not played over the course earlier in the day.

Ties to be decided on the last nine holes ; further ties on the last six, last three, or as the Golf Editor and the Sec., Birkdale, may decide.

Round the World With the Russian Ballet *(Continued from page 328)*

On Christmas night, mercifully free from performance, I gave a small party for the English girls in the ballet—Anna Severska (Northcote), Nina Golovina (Godby), Olga Valevska (Wilson Williams), and Leila Russova (Russell), plus some local balletomanes. There were many handicaps to conventional Christmas cheer, starting with a heatwave, and genuine Christmas trees cost in the neighbourhood of seven pounds. We found, however, an excellent substitute, a realistic imitation, made, of course, in Japan. Earlier in the day we had spent a typically Australian Christmas with a surf at Bondi which provided the necessary appetite, in spite of the heat, for generous portions of plum-pudding and mince-pies.

Everything is so topsy-turvy that there seems nothing strange either in the fact that we have enjoyed two Christmases and two New Years—English and Russian. It was ever so in the Ballet.

New Year was celebrated by a party on the stage, in which Woizikovsky and Hoyer acted as hosts. Goodwill prevails, year-old feuds give way before the triple Russian kiss.

E. J. Tait, managing director of Williamson's, who have brought us out, has by now learnt some Russian, two phrases, to be exact : "I love you" and "Go to the devil." These he uses indiscriminately to everyone, punctuated with the kiss of peace. Everyone makes speeches and no one listens. At two o'clock the party breaks up and resolves itself into a series of little parties that continue until all hours.

The Ballet everywhere attracts parties, but in Australia more than ever ; parties and giant picnics where the food is cooked over a good fire of eucalyptus, where there is boating, fishing and swimming and sad Russian songs by a blazing camp-fire. Australia suits the Russians as nowhere else, and it suits me. They will stay for another six months—alas ! I must leave to join the other company. The shipping strike in San Francisco has given me six weeks' respite, and now I must find them in Denver, Colorado, via the Maori ballet in New Zealand, the Hula ballets in Fiji and Hawaii, and across the snows of Canada. I will have travelled 24,000 miles round the world for my season's ballet. In the meantime, six farewell parties are scheduled for me in Sydney. I will need all of the month's journey to recover.

A New Meeting for an Old *(Continued from page vi)*

well go far. She must not be confounded with Miss Vyvyan Lamb, the Scottish player.

While I am on the critical tack, dare I whisper that Miss Jacqueline Gordon, runner-up in last year's Girls' Championship, seems at the moment to have lost control of the club at the top of the back-swing ? Other well-wishers besides myself noticed it at Hadley, and thought that it came from swinging a little too far. That is bound to cause loss of control, and some of Miss Gordon's excursions into the rough bore out the diagnosis. She has great length, and real possibilities, and to hit the ball a fierce crack is always desirable, particularly in youth, but length comes not from the length of swing, but from the strength of it, which, of course, is not to be confounded with physical strength. But as "a good big 'un must always be better than a good little 'un," so it seems that Miss Gordon's fine physique must stand her in good stead, if she uses it to the best advantage.

Now I suppose, somebody will start the argument with me, "What *does* give length ?" My own belief is that it depends on the right relative speeds of the back swing and the down swing, with all the emphasis on the word "relative." In a word, call it timing ; for exposition, take the first possible chance of watching Lady Heathcoat-Amory after she gets back from her honeymoon.

Yours ever,

Eleanor E. Helme.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

MARCH

Name Mrs. / Miss .....

Address .....

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"Oakbrook" 1-thread 60-gauge sheerest gossamer silk.

Usual price 10/6 pair.

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A FEATURE of the Special Week is this very attractive offer of Summer Shoes, styled on a comfortable last. In bar, tie and court styles. In brown/white, blue/white and black/white. Usually 35/- pair.

SPECIAL WEEK PRICE

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Made to measure in a delightful range of colours.

Suit only **9** guineas. Waistcoat **2½** guineas.

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REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.
Telephone: REGent 1234.

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bassano

Eileen Thorne

Left: Eileen Thorne is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Thorne, of Stevenage, Herts., and is engaged to Lt.-Cmdr. the Hon. Neville Napier, second son of Lord and Lady Napier, of Thirlestane Castle, Ettrick, Selkirk. The marriage will be on May 1st, at St. George's, Hanover Square

Yevonde

Dorothy Himbury

Dorothy Vera Patricia Himbury, only daughter of Sir William and the late Lady Himbury, of Southport, Lancs., is engaged to Captain M. J. F. Wilson, King's Shropshire Light Infantry, only son of Major-General and Mrs. F. M. Wilson, of Sibton, Suffolk

Below: Barbara Willoughby, eldest daughter of Commander A. M. Willoughby, of Clungunford, Salop, and Mrs. Peter Warren, of 89, Westbourne Terrace, is engaged to Roger Percival, son of Prebendary and Mrs. C. J. Percival, of St. James's Palace, S.W.

Fayer of Vienna

Elizabeth Alice Blundell

Left: Elizabeth Alice Blundell, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Cuthbert Blundell, of Slaughaum Place, Hayward's Heath, is engaged to Anthony Miles Hedley, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Prescott Hedley, of 11, Wimpole Street, W.

Lenare

Barbara Willoughby

Bassano

Denys le Maitre

Is the only daughter of the late W. Courtenay le Maitre and Mrs. le Maitre, of 2, Trevor Place, Knightsbridge, and is engaged to Ian Andrew Tait, only son of the late A. W. Tait and Mrs. Tait, of the Court House, West Meon, Hants.

Lenare

Christina Todhunter

Christina Ella Hope Todhunter, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Todhunter, of Kingsmoor, Great Parndon, Essex, is engaged to Lawrence Herbert Chamen, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Chamen, of Millfield, near Brentwood, Essex

Lenare

Merlin Audrey Allen

Is the third daughter of Major and Mrs. Stanley Allen, of Denne Hill, Canterbury, and is engaged to Robert Guy Loder-Symonds, R.A., only son of the late Captain R. F. Loder-Symonds and Mrs. Robertson, of Ottery, Frinton

Lenare

Nan Hanson

Is the second daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. J. Hanson, of Oaklands, The Walls, Hampton Court; she is engaged to Howard Jay Gould, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Bradshaw Gould, of Park Langley, Kent

Vickers — Francis

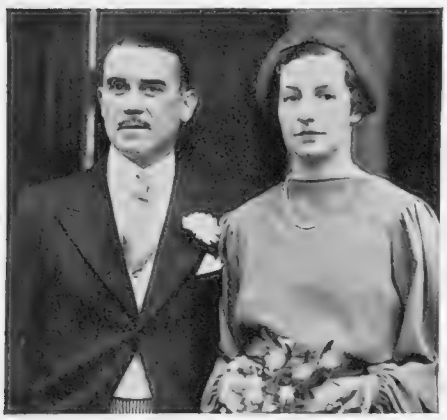
Angus Vickers, son of Mr. Douglas Vickers, a director of the armaments firm, and the Hon. Mrs. Vickers, of Chapel House, Charles Street, W., married Phyllis Francis, daughter of Mr. Norton Francis, of Christchurch, N.Z., at St. Mary's, Merivale, Christchurch

Oakey — Bird

John Graham Oakey, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Oakey, of 62, Addison Road, W. 14, married Delphine Gordon Bird at Holy Trinity, Brompton. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Bird, of 218, Cromwell Road, S.W.5

Smith — Blundell

Flight-Lt. Elias Charles Walter Stephen Smith, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Stephen Smith, of Southsea, and Kathleen Blundell, younger daughter of Commander and Mrs. G. A. J. Blundell, of Cosham, Hants., were married at Southsea



Sholl — Fiennes

At St. Luke's, Chelsea, Thomas Herbert Sholl, younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sholl, of Perth, West Australia, married Barbara Winifred Fiennes, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Caryl Fiennes, of 6, Selwood Terrace, S.W.7

Lane — Moriarty

Leonardus Henry MacAlpine Lane, second son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. B. Lane, of 35, Penywern Road, Earl's Court, and Dorcen Vere Moriarty, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Moriarty, of 1, Heather Walk, Edgware, were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate

Jennings — Allan

Richard Jennings, only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Jennings, of Gelli-Dêg, Kidwelly, Caermarthenshire, and Margaret Allan, daughter of the late James Allan and Mrs. Allan, of 15, Holland Street, W.8, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Lenare

Violet Caldecott

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Caldecott, of Weavering House, Maidstone, and is engaged to William Jervase Harris, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Cecil Harris, of Trewinnard, Sittingbourne

Lenare

Mary Priscilla Jeffree

Is the younger daughter of Dr. Frank Jeffree, of Hillcot, Merstham, Surrey, and is engaged to Eric Macartney, eldest son of Sir George and Lady Macartney, of Jersey, Channel Islands

Gethin — MacGeorge

William Allan Tristam Gethin, younger son of Colonel Sir Richard and Lady Gethin, of Fairlawn, Eltham, married Nancy Ruth MacGeorge at the Garrison Church, Woolwich. She is the only child of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. G. MacGeorge, of 10, Pembroke Square, W.8

Getting Married *(Continued from page C)*

Pearl Freeman

Daphne Maxwell

Is the younger daughter of the late Captain C. J. Maxwell, Scots Greys, and Mrs. Maxwell, of Cecily Hill, Cirencester, and is engaged to Richard Henniker, son of Colonel and Mrs. A. M. Henniker, of Carlinwark, Camberley

Pearl Freeman

Nancy Mary Court

Is the daughter of the late Charles Kenward Court and Mrs. Court, of Old Mill House, Cricklade, Wilts.; she has announced her engagement to John Dennistoun, late 14th-20th Hussars

Pearl Freeman

Betty Asplin

Is the elder daughter of the late Charles Asplin and Mrs. Asplin, of Burghsted Lodge, Billericay; she is engaged to Captain Grazebrook, Gloucestershire Regiment, youngest son of Mr. and the late Mrs. T. Grazebrook, of Pedmore, Stourbridge, Worcs.

Stuart Hamilton

Margaret Francis

Is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Francis, of Ark Royal, Buckhurst Hill, Essex, and is engaged to Dr. William Inglis, only son of Dr. and Mrs. R. G. Inglis, of Belmont Street, Glasgow

Pearl Freeman

Patricia Greenwood

Is the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. R. N. Greenwood, of Bush Hall, Hatfield, Herts., and is engaged to Montagu Albert Ormsby, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Ormsby, of Bosworth, Woodbridge, Suffolk

Kay Vaughan

Violet Adye

Is the daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. D. R. Adye, of Fitzwalter House, Colchester, and has announced her engagement to Commander E. C. Bindloss, son of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Bindloss, of The Old House, Harrow

Lenare

Hettie Waley Cohen

Is the only daughter of Sir Robert and the late Lady Waley Cohen, of Caen Wood Towers, Highgate; she is engaged to Oliver Sebag-Montefiore, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sebag-Montefiore, of 2, Palace Green, W.8

Elliott & Fry

Elizabeth Patricia Wright

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Wright, of The Cliff, Morton, near Bingley, and is engaged to Norman Neill Fraser, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, eldest son of Major and Mrs. W. N. Fraser, of 47, Church Street, Chelsea

Stuart Hamilton

Mollie Dixson

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Dixson, of Gerrard's Cross, Bucks., and is engaged to John D. Aitken, of The High Range, Travancore, South India, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Aitken, of Bournemouth

Lenare

Phyllis Ruth Lambe

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Lambe, of Shanghai, China, and is engaged to Leslie Ivor Harrison, younger son of the late W. E. Harrison and Mrs. Harrison, of Horley, Crane Hill, Ipswich

Bassano

Emmaline Scutt

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Homer Scutt, of Greywell, New Ross, Co. Wexford, and is engaged to Dr. William Noel Whiteside, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Whiteside, of Montana, Rathfarnham, Co. Dublin

Lenare

Billie Cairns

Is the younger daughter of the late J. A. R. Cairns and Mrs. Cairns, of West Acres, Walton-on-Thames, and is engaged to Eric Rundle Laird Crockatt, younger son of the late J. L. Crockatt and Mrs. Crockatt, of Sutton Lodge, Weybridge

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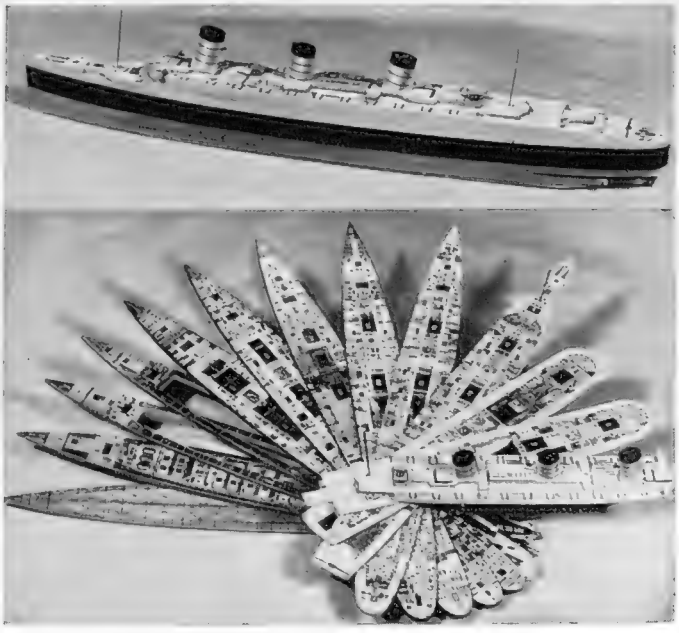

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

March 3 — March 9

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson is the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

AS YOU LIKE IT.—Entrancing production, décor and acting, with Edith Evans as Rosalind getting every ounce of loveliness out of Shakespeare; good support from Marie Ney and Michael Redgrave and others: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CANDIDA.—Athene Seyler as Prossie, Nicholas Hannen as Morrell, Stephen Haggard as Marchbanks get most of Shaw's richness across to the audience; an excellent curtain-raiser gives Wendy Toye a chance which she takes: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CHARLES THE KING.—The impressive historical with Barry Jones and Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies is now at the Cambridge, 8.30 (not Mon.). Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Joyce Barbour and Jane Baxter and Ann Casson in Gerald Savory's comedy: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HEART'S CONTENT.—Slight if satisfactory plot for Diana Wynyard's polished emotional experiences, opposite Louis Borell: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—Completely satisfying adaptation of the Brontë novel with Curigwen Lewis as Jane and Reginald Tate as Rochester: Aldwych, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LE MISANTHROPE.—The Cambridge Arts production of Molière with Lydia Lopokova as Celimène and Couperin music: Ambassadors, 8.30.

STRANGE BARRIER.—Gillian Maude makes the best of good dialogue in a ridiculous plot: Little, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TWELFTH NIGHT.—Laurence Olivier plays Toby Belch, Jessica Tandy and Ivy St. Helier are in support in Guthrie's well-turned production: Old Vic, 8.

UNCLE VANYA.—Chekhov is splendidly staged and shouldn't be missed; Harcourt Williams as Vanya, Lydia Sherwood as Elena, Cecil Trouncer as the doctor: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WISE TO-MORROW.—Almost enthralling and almost witty, the plot gives Martita Hunt and Diana Churchill good chances, and Naunton Wayne some good lines: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—White Russian plot is strong for a musical comedy, spectacle is splendid, music poor; Muriel Angelus and Roger Treville lead, Clifford Mollison in support: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.15.

BIG BUSINESS.—Bobby Howes, Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore and Wylie Watson are singly and collectively equal to all or no situation—mostly the latter: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello heads his own vast, romantic show, with Walter Crisham and Zena Dare and huge chorus: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOME AND BEAUTY.—Mostly good, Cochran's ponderous Coronation revue has Nelson Keys, Binnie Hale and Gitta Alpar on top of their respective forms: Adelphi, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

O-KAY FOR SOUND.—Riotous revue with plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9.

ON YOUR TOES.—Cheerful, catchy, strong musical comedy, ordinary but well done; Jack Whiting, Gina Malo, Olive Blakeney: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slap-stick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff, and Adèle Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 89.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

SWING ALONG.—Leslie Henson's musical swings along as the best of its kind in London should, with Louise Browne, Fred Emney and Zelma O'Neal in support: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS 'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE.—Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, and a gaily-coloured chorus lead a no-plot musical with success: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Pokes gay but gentle satire at Victoriana; Joyce Barbour, Gertrude Musgrove and George Benson best of a good cast: Garrick, 8.30 (not Mon.). Tues., Fri., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's amusing long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BEHIND YOUR BACK.—Mary Glynne, Marjorie Mars and Esmé Percy play ready-made characters in a drama of the theatre foyer: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

CINDERELLA.—Edna Best gives the old part some new turns, Madge Elliott is a charming Prince, and Douglas Wakefield and Billy Nelson whip along the jokes in this magnificent production: Coliseum, 2 and 7.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Jessica Tandy and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Big-size thriller, generous in cast and effects; Gordon Harker and Jack Hawkins lead; well entrenched at the Prince's: 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's hyper-romantic school play, with Frederick Leister in the name-part, J. H. Roberts, and Joan White: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

PUSS IN BOOTS.—Clarkson Rose (dame), Jack Barty (comedian), the O'Gorman Brothers, Marjorie Sandford and Polly Ward (principal boy and girl) keep this typical pantomime well up to scratch: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

RETREAT FROM FOLLY.—Marie Tempest has only to be herself in a part that fits her like a glove, with a pleasant plot adorned by Graham-Browne, Antoinette Cellier, Paul Leyssac: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SUSPECT.—Suspense of suspicion is held to the end by Mary Morris in a grim part, with well-groomed support from Stafford Hilliard, Campbell Gullan and David Horne; a past crime makes present thrills: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

First Nights

NIGHT ALONE.—Jeffrey Dell's play from the Embassy has Richard Bird and Margaret Landa at the head of the cast: Daly's, Thurs., 4th.

GREAT POSSESSIONS.—Was well received at the Arts, and now transfers to the Duke of York's, Mon., 8th.

HEARTBREAK HOUSE.—Mary Grey, Alan Napier, Mark Dignam, Agnes Laughlin, and Cecil Trouncer in this Shaw revival: Westminster, Tues., 9th.

THE SQUEAKER.—Edgar Wallace's thriller revives: Strand, Tues., 9th.

CINEMAS

THE BELOVED VAGABOND (British).—Chevalier's newest puts him in a charming part, and Margaret Lockwood opposite; W. J. Locke's wayfaring story is set in England and France: Plaza (from Friday).

CRACK-UP (American).—Peter Lorre stars in an aeroplane-cum-spy story, with Helen Wood and Ralph Morgan and a typical Lorre ending: Tivoli.

DISHONOUR BRIGHT (British).—Tom Walls's new film is supported by Edmund Lowe and Florence Rice in UNDER COVER OF NIGHT: Empire.

THE DOMINANT SEX (British).—Philip Holmes and Diana Churchill are the young couple at war from Michael Egan's long-running play: New Gallery.

DREAMING LIPS (British).—Emotional high-jinks by Bergner with Massey as the temperamentvoll violinist and Romney Brent as the husband: London Pavilion.

FIRE OVER ENGLAND (British).—Flora Robson (as Queen Elizabeth), Leslie Banks, Raymond Massey, Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier head the heavy cast that moves across a rich tapestry of Elizabethan England: Leicester Square.

THE GREAT BARRIER (British).—Richard Arlen pushes a railway through the Rockies and saves Antoinette Cellier's life, despite murderous riots and Lilli Palmer's very decided charms: Marble Arch Pavilion.

HARVEST (Austrian).—Paula Wessely's latest is set in Hungary; a simple, charming story with Attila Hörbiger and Gina Falckenberg: Academy.

HEAD OVER HEELS (British).—Jessie Matthews is a cabaret singer in Paris in her newest picture, directed by husband Sonnie Hale and supported by Louis Borell, Robert Flemyng, Romney Brent: Gaumont.

LA KERMESSE HÉROÏQUE (French).—A film gem, consistent and convincing throughout; Françoise Rosay and Jean Murat: Studio One.

MAID OF SALEM (American).—A convincing, tender performance by Claudette Colbert as the maid in this witch-burning story of Puritan New England; Fred MacMurray opposite: Carlton.

MAZURKA (Austrian).—Pola Negri's is a powerful piece of acting in her first talking film, with Ingeborg Theek in support, and Forst as director: Curzon.

O.H.M.S. (British).—With a khaki background and some Chinese bandits and Wallace Ford, John Mills and Anna Lee, this is good propaganda and good entertainment: Dominion and New Victoria.

THE PLAINSMAN (American).—Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur in a splendid story of the American pioneer days on the frontier are at the Plaza till to-morrow.

THEODORA GOES WILD (American).—Irene Dunne has won much praise for her acting of this well-made, satirical part, and Melvyn Douglas gives polished support: Regal.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:
- LA BOHÈME.—To-night, 3rd, 8.
- THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.—Thurs., 4th, 8.
- RIGOLETTO.—Sat., 6th, 2.30.
- MADAM BUTTERFLY.—Sat., 6th, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:
- THE HAUNTED BALLROOM, BAISER DE LA FÉE, PROMETHEUS.—Fri., 5th, 8.30.
- LES SYLPHIDES, APPARITIONS, FAÇADE.—Tues., 9th, 8.30.

BALLET RAMBERT: Duchess Theatre:
- LYSISTRATA, MERMAID, MEPHISTO WALTZ, JARDIN AUX LILAS, LES MASQUES.—To-night, 3rd, 8.40.
- RAPE OF THE LOCK, DIVERTISSEMENT, DARK ELEGY, DEATH AND THE MAIDEN, BAR AUX FOLIES.—Thurs., 4th, 2.30.
- RAPE OF THE LOCK, DIVERTISSEMENT, DESCENT OF HEBE, DEATH AND THE MAIDEN, BAR AUX FOLIES.—Thurs., 4th, 8.40.
- DARK ELEGY, DEATH AND THE MAIDEN, FAÇADE.—Fri., 5th, 8.40.
- RAPE OF THE LOCK, DESCENT OF HEBE, MERMAID, BAR AUX FOLIES, FAÇADE.—Sat., 6th, 2.30 and 8.40.

Programmes to be announced: Mon. and Tues., 8.40.

MUSIC

Orchestral

B.B.C. CONCERT.—Boult conducts, with Adolf and Hermann Busch as soloists; Mozart's Serenade for Strings and Tympani, Brahms' Violin and 'Cello Concerto, Schubert's Ninth Symphony: Queen's Hall, to-night, 3rd, 8.15.

L.S.O.—Nikolai Malko conducts, with Heifetz as soloist; Sibelius's Violin Concerto, Ravel's Tzigane, Weber's "Freischütz" Overture, and Tschaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini": Queen's Hall, Thurs., 4th, 8.15.

QUEEN'S HALL SUNDAY CONCERT.—Wood conducts; programme to be announced: Sun., 7th, 3.30.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—Programme to be announced: Covent Garden, Sun., 7th, 3.15.

COURTAULD-SARGENT CONCERT.—Sargent conducts, with John Alexandra in Mozart's Bassoon Concerto, Leon Goossens in Eugene Goossens' Oboe Concerto; also Gluck, Boccherini, Handel, Britten, De Falla: Queen's Hall, Mon., 8th, and Tues., 9th, 8.15.

Recitals and Chamber Music

BUSCH QUARTET.—Adolf Busch, Gösta Andreasson, Karl Doktor, Hermann Busch; quartets by Haydn (Op. 76, No. 1), Schubert (Quartettsatz in C minor), Beethoven (Op. 59, No. 2): Wigmore Hall, Thurs., 4th, 8.30. Quartets by Haydn (Op. 76, No. 5), Beethoven (Op. 135), Dvorak (in A flat): Wigmore Hall, Mon., 8th, 8.30.

JELLY D'ARANYI AND ADILA FACHIRI.—With Ethel Hobday at the piano, in works by Bach, Sammartini, Pergolesi, Handel, and Spöhr: Wigmore Hall, Sat., 6th, 3.

(Continued on page 6.)

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What's On

(Continued from page F)

Baron

Firth Shephard, Father of Four

They are theatrical offspring under his management, and all very healthy; "The Frog," Edgar Wallace's thriller at the Princes, has passed its 350th performance; "Swing Along," the Leslie Henson musical at the Gaiety, has passed its 200th; "The Housemaster," Ian Hay's romantic school play at the Apollo, is on its way towards 150; and the newest arrival, "Wise To-morrow," at the Lyric, has settled in comfortably. Meanwhile Shephard plans two new productions

SHOWS, EXHIBITIONS AND SPORT

JOSHUA REYNOLDS EXHIBITION.—In aid of the Royal Northern Hospital: 45, Park Lane, 11-7 (including Sundays).

NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLECHASE MEETING.—Cheltenham, to-day, 3rd, and to-morrow, 4th.

ARMY V. NAVY RUGBY MATCH.—Twickenham, Sat., 6th.

DONOUGHMORE SCRATCH GOLF FOURSOMES.—Sandwich, Sat., 6th-Mon., 8th.

R.A.C. MOTOR RALLY.—Opens at Hastings on Tues., 9th.

THOROUGHBRED AND HUNTER SHOW.—Opens at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Tues., 9th.

DANCING AND DINING

BLUE ROOM.—Dancing during dinner or supper in day or evening clothes; music by Fiorenti's Gauchos; cabaret: extension, Thursday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Lucienne Boyer sings at midnight; there 's the balcony for the unchanged; Lew Stone's band: extension, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER.—Full length floor show soon after midnight; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—"Paris-Londres" is the floor show here, with some new stars; Sydney Lipton's band: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE RESTAURANT.—A place to dine or sup and dance in day or evening clothes; no cabaret, but two bands; Brian Lawrence and the Ginx Quartet.

LONDON CASINO.—You can watch "Folies d'Amour" during dinner and supper, and dance between to Jack Harris's two bands.

LUIGI'S GRILL.—Good food, wine, and atmosphere, and no band or cabaret distractions.

MAY FAIR.—There 's always a three-turn cabaret; you can dance to Billy Bissett's band: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES.—A good choice for the connoisseur or the simpleton; excellent food and wines; no band.

QUINTO'S.—Most luxurious and sophisticated of "eating-only" restaurants; unimpeachable cooking and wine list; no band.

RITZ.—Café chantant—three good turns and dancing between; Joe Kaye's band: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—Indefatigable Charlie is here this month; you must change to dance, but not to eat and look on; Ben Oakley's band.

A single full rose gleams bright against the black ciré lace décolletage of this evening gown and matching bolero jacket. Graduated bands of taffeta give a 'swish and swirl' to the hem of its full sweeping skirt. Also in brown or coronation blue, and other colours to order. 6½ Gns.

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"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

The Fifth Annual Open Amateur Tournament under handicap, for the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes, will be played at

FELIXSTOWE

on March 20th and 21st, 1937

(Headquarters: The Felix Hotel)

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Holder: S. H. R. Hornby (Burnham & Berrow G. C.).

• Conditions

Play will be for the BYSTANDER £500 Trophy and other prizes.

Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, March 20th.

When cards have been returned the competitors will be divided into sections of eight players each.

The best two returns from the first quarter of the draw, the best two returns from the second quarter of the draw, and the best four returns from the bottom half of the draw will constitute the Trophy eight, and the players returning these cards will compete for the Trophy by match play under handicap.

The first rounds will be played on the Saturday afternoon and the semi-finals and finals on the Sunday.

The remaining eights will be constituted and play in a similar manner to the Trophy eight.

Ties will be decided on the last nine holes, and if there is still a tie the eighteenth hole shall decide; and failing that, the seventeenth, sixteenth, etc.

Every competitor must qualify in some section or other, and is assured of a full day's play on the Saturday. Moreover, half the original entry will be engaged in the competition proper on the Sunday, and there will be a Bogey Competition for those who have been defeated on the Saturday.

A copy of the draw for the medal round on Saturday, March 20th will be posted to each competitor by March 14th.

All disputes will be decided by the Committee in charge of the competition, and its decision shall be final.

Rule 35 of the Rules of Golf does not apply to this competition.

• Railway and Hotel Arrangements for the Week-End

The L.N.E.R. will issue to competitors staying at the Felix Hotel combined rail and hotel week-end tickets (Friday to Monday) by any train from Liverpool Street, and also from Bishop's Stortford, Bury St. Edmunds, Cambridge, Chelmsford, Newmarket and Norwich, at the inclusive price of £4 2s.

This ticket includes first-class return railway journey, dinner on the train or at the hotel on Friday, full board at the Felix Hotel on the Saturday and Sunday, with the alternative of lunch at the club-house, breakfast at the hotel or on the train on Monday morning, green fees, free use of the hard tennis or squash courts, free conveyance of luggage between the station and the hotel.

Competitors not taking advantage of the inclusive ticket will be required to pay green fees.

• Entries

Entries are now being accepted, and should be sent on the entry form published herewith to the **Golf Editor, The BYSTANDER, Kingshill, Sunningdale.**

Competitors must play off their lowest club handicap.

Any competitor whose handicap is altered after he has forwarded his entry must notify the Golf Editor of the BYSTANDER at the Felix Hotel by noon on March 19th.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to refuse an entry without giving any reason whatsoever for so doing.

ENTRY FORM • No Entrance Fee

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

To be played at Felixstowe on Saturday, March 20th and Sunday, March 21st

IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Surname..... Initials.....

Club..... Lowest Handicap.....

Address .....

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Telephone No.....

I shall be playing with.....in the qualifying round.

I require a partner for the qualifying round.
(*Strike out one of these.*)

There is no entrance fee. I enclose a handicap certificate.

(*Signed*).....

Sir Edward: "I choose my friends as I choose my bookmakers — for their honesty of purpose."

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